

LA VERNE DALY

NOTICE TO READER:
When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. *No Wrapping—No Address.*
A. S. BURLISON, Postmaster-General

Improvement[®] Era

Vol. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 1



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah

Z. C. M. I. Factory School Shoes

Made on the Munson Army Last or the
English Toed School Shoes

**FOR BOYS,
YOUTHS,
LITTLE GENTS**



FALL BULBS

PLANT NOW, before the ground freezes

At last our big shipment of Dutch Bulbs has reached America safely, and will be ready for distribution here by November 1st.

Phone or write for Free Price List today

Porter-Walton Co.

SEED AND NURSERY SPECIALISTS,

SALT LAKE CITY

“The Man of Tomorrow”

a wonderful new book on “Vocational Guidance”

By

Claude Richards

a successful business man,

will help every young man and woman in the selection of their life work. It is suited for young and old, and should be read by every parent.

“Vocational Guidance,” as outlined in Claude Richards’ book, is insurance against failure and a short cut to success.

This book should be in every home. It has been adopted for supplementary reading by the state schools and also by the Church schools.

The book is substantially bound in red vellum; it is printed on good paper, is profusely illustrated and has 296 pages. The price is extremely low—ONLY \$1, post-paid \$1.10.

Mail your order today to the

Improvement Era Office

20-23 Bishop’s Building,

Salt Lake City, Utah

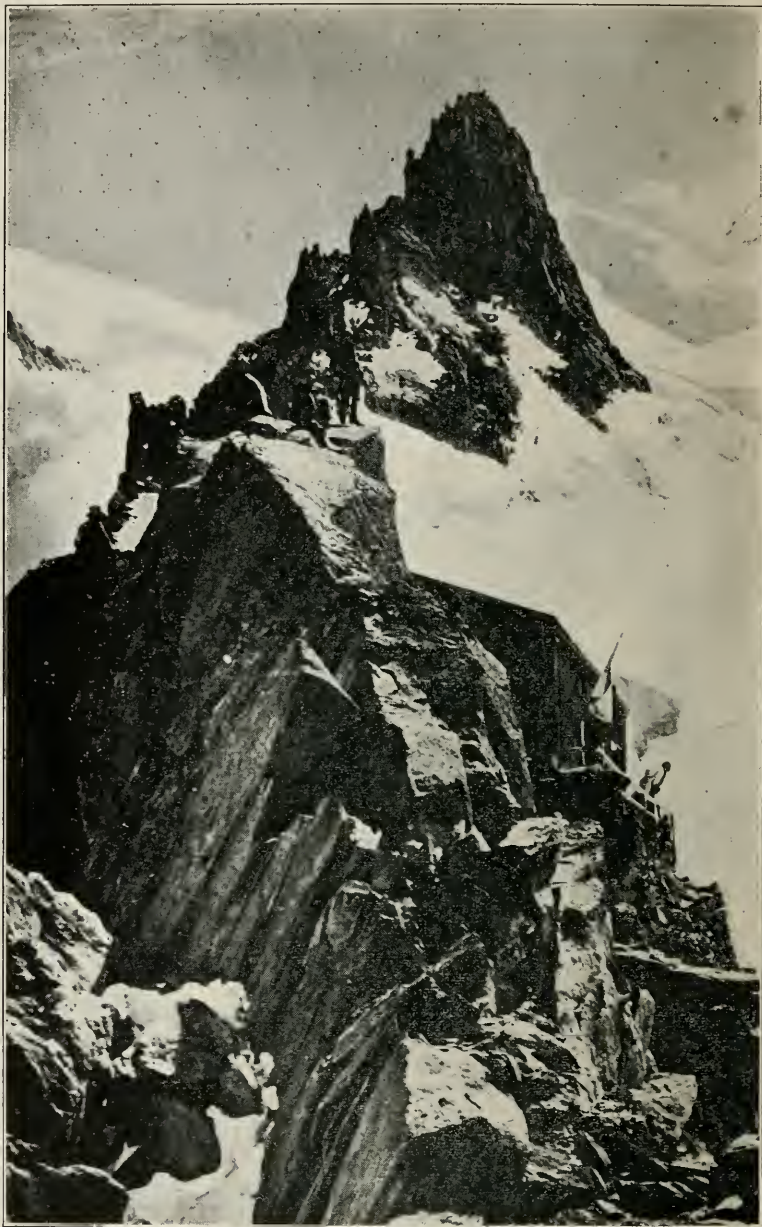


OUR FLAG UPON THE ALPS

Where touches on Mont Blanc the coming light,
First place of Europe in the sunrise glow,
Amid the gleaming wastes of ice and snow,
There floats our Freedom's banner on the height.
A strange and splendid, unexpected sight,
High o'er the alpine glacier's ebb and flow,
Where falls the avalanche, the bleak winds blow,
Tells to the Old World of the New World's might.

Yea, honored banner, rich with clustered stars,
Wave brightly, then, o'er Chamonix's deep vale,
The Golden Hopes of our Republic tell,
Make hearts of Europe with fresh courage swell.
Thee, in this hour of struggle, proud we hail,
O flag, stainless in thy wars!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.



© Underwood & Underwood, New York

OUR FLAG UPON THE ALPS

A peak of Mont Blanc, which for the future will be called Wilson Peak, was formerly the Piltshner Peak, named after a German explorer. The mayor of Chamonix, accompanied by a great throng of spectators and officials, climbed the peak on August 15 and, while hoisting the American flag, named it Wilson Peak.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 1

A Lesson from the Book of Job*

By Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve

A funeral sermon is not for the benefit of the departed; rather is it for the good of those who remain. The dead, as we call them—though they are no more dead than we are, and are as much alive now as ever—are beyond our reach, just as they are beyond our vision. We cannot add to anything that they have done, nor can we take anything away. They have made their record and are in the keeping of a higher Power. But we can do something to comfort those who mourn, and by acts of kindness lessen human suffering. Our Father in heaven expects this at our hands, and it is a very beautiful custom that prevails among us, that of assembling on occasions such as this, to show our sorrowing friends that our hearts are with them.

I read upon the faces of those around me tales of trial and suffering; scarcely anyone here today but has passed through some kind of tribulation. We know what it is to lose father or mother, brother or sister, husband or wife or children; and out of these sad experiences our hearts are brought nearer to each other. We are knit together in mutual sympathy and affection. What a blessed thing it is that all our tears and all our tenderness are not for ourselves alone. The big-hearted are those who can feel for the woes of others.

We are here today to express our sympathy and love for the family of our dear Brother Clive who has left us. They are good neighbors and friends of mine; I have always had a warm spot in my heart for them; and I fain would say something, if God will inspire, to relieve their distress. I have known these families pretty much all my life. The names of Clive and Campbell are among my earliest recollections. My father, Horace K.

*A discourse delivered at the funeral services for "Jed" Clive, Salt Lake City, June 7, 1918.

Whitney, and "Jed's" father, Claude Clive, were both connected with the Salt Lake Theater in early days; and I remember, too, Brother Robert L. Campbell, the school superintendent, how he used to visit the University and talk to the boys and girls there; I recall the good counsel that he always gave. I am familiar with the record made by these families, and they have a high place in my esteem.

I much admire the character of Sister Clive, the wife of this man whose mortal remains lie here. She has had to pass through some sad ordeals, and I have admired the patience, the fortitude, the strength of character that she has shown, which has enabled her to rise to meet the occasion and bear in humility the trials that have befallen her. My wife related to me how she called upon her the day after this awful accident, when, in speaking of it and of other misfortunes that had come to her, Sister Clive said: "Yes, I have had sore trials, heavy shocks, but God has been very good to me, and I have always had help from him in the midst of my troubles." Those are noble words. It is good to hear a sentiment of that kind. It reminded me of the immortal speech of the good and patient Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Story of the Good and Patient Job

You all know the story—one of the most beautiful that the Scriptures contain. Job was a man who served God with all his heart; a righteous man, insomuch that the Lord said of him: "There is none like him in the earth." But when "the sons of God" presented themselves before the Lord, and "Satan came also," the Lord having praised his faithful servant, "the Accuser" sneeringly replied: "Doth Job fear God for nought? You have blessed him with abundance; you have hedged him about with benefits. Why shouldn't he serve you? Why shouldn't he keep your commandments? Take away what you have given to him and he will curse you to your face." Such was the substance of the speech. The Lord then said: "Go and take away all that he hath, but touch not himself."

According to this, Satan, before he can afflict man, must get permission from God. He can do no more than he is permitted to do. The Lord said, "Touch him not," and Satan was bound; he could not afflict Job in his person. But he could and did take away what God had given him. Robbers drove off his flocks and herds; fierce winds blew down his houses, and the falling walls crushed his sons and daughters. In a moment, as it were, this happy and prosperous man was reduced from

wealth to poverty, from joy to misery. But did he curse God, or call him in question? No, he uttered those wonderful words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Satan had failed; Job's patience had triumphed.

Again the sons of God presented themselves before him, and Satan was asked: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him to destroy him without cause?" And again Satan sneered: "All that a man hath will he give for his life; but put forth thine hand now and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." The evil one then went forth with permission to afflict Job in his person. Smitten from top to toe with "sore boils," he sat down in despair amid the ashes of his ruined home. His wife now came to him, "Curse God and die," was her counsel, but Job replied, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women." "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" In other words: Shall we not be patient in the midst of tribulation—in anything that our Father wishes us to pass through?

Job's faith did not fail. His integrity remained steadfast. He said: "I will trust him, though he slay me." "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Satan was baffled in his assaults upon this righteous man, and when he had borne all that was necessary the Lord blessed him with twice as much as he had before. There was a compensation for all that he had suffered.

Why Men and Women are Called to Suffer

Some beautiful lessons are taught in the Book of Job, but one thing is not made plain there—the reason, the main reason, why men and women are called upon to suffer. Surely there is more in it than the story of Job reveals. It remained for the Prophet Joseph Smith to bring it to light; to set forth the why and wherefore of human suffering; and in revealing it he gave us a strength and power to endure that we did not before possess. For when men know why they suffer, and realize that it is for a good and wise purpose, they can bear it much better than they can in ignorance.

The Prophet was lying in a dungeon for the gospel's sake. He called upon God, "who controlleth and subjecteth the devil," and God answered, telling him that his sufferings should be but "a small moment." "Thou art not yet as Job," said the Lord,

"thy friends do not contend against thee." Job's friends, it will be remembered, tried to convince him that he must have done something wrong or those trials would not have come upon him. But Job had done no wrong; it was "without cause" that Satan had sought to destroy him. God said to Joseph: "If thou art called to pass through tribulation; if thou art in perils among false brethren; perils among robbers; perils by land and sea; if fierce winds become thine enemy; if the billowing surge conspire against thee, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that *all these things shall give thee experience and shall be for thy good.*"

Compensation in Calamities

There is the reason. It is for our development, our purification, our growth, our education and advancement, that we buffet the fierce waves of sorrow and misfortune; and we shall be all the stronger and better when we have swam the flood and stand upon the farther shore. Lowell was right:

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities.

We cannot suffer anything without receiving benefit from the experience. Brother Naisbitt, in his poem, "There's No Such Thing as Death," puts it thus:

Throughout God's infinite domain,
Life reigns perennial, all around;
And every pang or pulse of pain
Leads but to higher vantage ground.

The fall of Adam and Eve was a great calamity, but it brought forth a wonderful blessing; it gave us our bodies, with endless opportunities to advance and achieve. It brought death into the world, but it also brought forth the human family. There was the compensation. "Adam fell that men might be, and men are that they might have joy." The crucifixion of Christ was a terrible calamity, but the atonement connected with it was the foreordained means of man's salvation. Israel's calamitous fate proved a blessing to the world in general. God's promise to Abraham had to be made good. "In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." This promise was fulfilled in Christ, but an important part of the fulfilment began when the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were flung broadcast over the world, that the barren wastes of unbelief might be sprinkled with the blood that believes, and made fruitful of faith and righteousness.

So it is with all our troubles and sorrows; there is a compensation for them. The philosopher Emerson says:

A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or a style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

How true! To whom do we look, in days of grief and disaster, for help and consolation? Who are these friendly neighbors gathered in today? They are men and women who have suffered, and out of their experience in suffering they bring forth the riches of their sympathy and condolences as a blessing to those now in need. Could they do this had they not suffered themselves?

When the sky darkens and the tempest threatens, where do we go for shelter? To the sagebrush or the willow? No, rather to some spreading oak that has withstood the storms of ages and become stronger because of the fierce winds that have swayed its branches and caused its roots to strike deeper and deeper into the soil. When we want counsel and comfort, we do not go to children, nor to those who know nothing but pleasure and self-gratification. We go to men and women of thought and sympathy, men and women who have suffered themselves and can give us the comfort that we need. Is not this God's purpose in causing his children to suffer? He wants them to become more like himself. God has suffered far more than man ever did or ever will, and is therefore the great source of sympathy and consolation. "Who are these arrayed in white, nearest to the throne of God?" asked John the Apostle, wrapt in his mighty vision. The answer was: "These are they who have come up through great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

There is always a blessing in sorrow and humiliation. They who escape these things are not the fortunate ones. "Whom God loveth he chasteneth." When he desires to make a great man he takes a little street waif, or a boy in the back-woods, such as Lincoln or Joseph Smith, and brings him up through hardship and privation to be the grand and successful leader of a people. Flowers shed most of their perfume when they are crushed. Men and women have to suffer just so much in order to bring out the best that is in them. The nations that have

had to struggle for their existence are or have been the most powerful nations in history.

There will be a compensation for this calamity—this accident. A blessing will grow out of it. Bear it patiently, friends; do God's will, and some day you will know better than you now know why it happened.

What we call death is not so terrible after all. Death on the battlefield or by shipwreck, or in some awful mishap such as this, seems terrible; but at the worst what is it? Simply a passing from one life to another life, beyond the horizon of this existence. We cannot see our dear ones who have departed but they are alive. I need not tell a congregation of Latter-day Saints that Brother Clive still lives. He has just gone into the spirit world, where we will all go some day.

Where is the Spirit World?

And where is this spirit world? Is it off in some distant part of the universe? Do we sail away into space millions of miles in order to get there? No. The spirit world, according to Joseph Smith, is right around us. Our dead friends, as we call them—our departed loved ones—are very near to us, so near, the Prophet says, that they are often grieved by what we do and say. To get into the spirit world, we have only to pass out of the body.

The spirit world, as I understand it, is the spirit of this planet. When God made the earth he made it twice. When he made man he made him twice. When he made the animals, the fishes, and the fowls, he made them twice. When he made the beautiful flowers, such as you see here today, he made them twice. First as spirits and then as bodies, and when the spirits entered their bodies they became souls. This is the teaching of modern revelation; the teaching of Joseph Smith. God made the earth first as a spirit and then gave it a body, and what we call the spirit world is simply the spiritual half of the sphere that we dwell in.

Expert Authority

Someone may say: "Who was Joseph Smith, that he should teach such things; and how do we know they are true? Maybe it is only an opinion; and one man's opinion is just as good as another's." This sounds plausible, but is it true? We say many things hastily, that second thought tells us are not true. One man's opinion is not as good as another's, because men are not equal; they are not the same intelligence, nor are they situated the same. Take two men of equal intelligence; place one on the mountain-top, and the other here in the valley, and which will see the farthest and know most of the surrounding

region—the man in the valley covered with smoke and mist, or the one on the mountain-top, where the air is clearer and the view wider? Down here we see but one valley, while the man up there sees valleys to the east, north, south and west; therefore he knows more about the country and his opinion concerning it is better than the other man's.

We can carry this into every walk of life. When we want an expert opinion on astronomy, we seek an astronomer, not a shoemaker—unless the shoemaker happens to be an astronomer. A musician's opinion on music is more valuable than the opinion of one who "hath no music in his soul." No, unless the men are equal and their surroundings the same, we cannot predicate equality of their opinions.

And why should we limit this to things material? Why is it not true of religious principles as well? Is there not such a thing as a spiritual expert? There is, and the greatest spiritual expert that this world has ever known is Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He stood upon eternal heights and was not blinded by the mists of error. Joseph Smith was a spiritual expert; he was Christ's prophet, and his teachings are not mere opinions; they are the revelations of God; they point out the way of eternal life.

Jesus said: "I came forth from the Father, and I return unto the Father." We all came forth from him, and the reasons why we came are summed up in a wonderful revelation to the Prophet Joseph—a selection from the Book of Abraham, which Joseph translated:

Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones;

And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born.

And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell;

And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them;

And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever.

Earth Life a School

This earth was made for God's children, his spirit sons and daughters, who take bodies and pass through experiences of joy

and sorrow for their development and education, and to demonstrate through time's vicissitudes that they will be true to God and do all that he requires at their hands. Our sainted Eliza R. Snow gives this wonderful presentation of the purposes of mortal life:

O my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?
In thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside;
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near thy side.

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth.
Yet oftentimes a secret something
Whispered: "You're a stranger here;"
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father,
Through thy Spirit from on high;
But until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason, truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

School Being Out, We Go Home

That is the whole problem. When we have done the things that we were sent to do, when we have gained all the experience that this life affords, then is the best time to depart. School being out, why not go home? The mission ended, why not return? That is what death means to a Latter-day Saint. The only sad thing about it is parting with the loved ones who go, or whom we leave behind. Surely there is nothing sad in reuniting with dear departed ones—those who have gone before, or those whom we left when we came here. We have to part with our dear ones; that is what makes death sad. But it is

simply a passing into the spirit world, to await the resurrection, when our bodies and spirits will be reunited—the righteous to enjoy the presence of God. They will be here to greet him when he comes, or else be with him when he comes to reign over the earth.

If we can be patient and resigned, and by God's help do his holy will, all will come out well. Trials purify us, educate us, develop us. The great reason why man was placed upon the earth was that he might become more like his Father and God. That is why we are here, children at school. What matters it when school is out and the time comes to go back home?

God bless you, Sister Clive; bless your children; bless your absent soldier boy; bless all your kindred and friends. May peace rest upon this house and descend like the dews of heaven upon your souls!

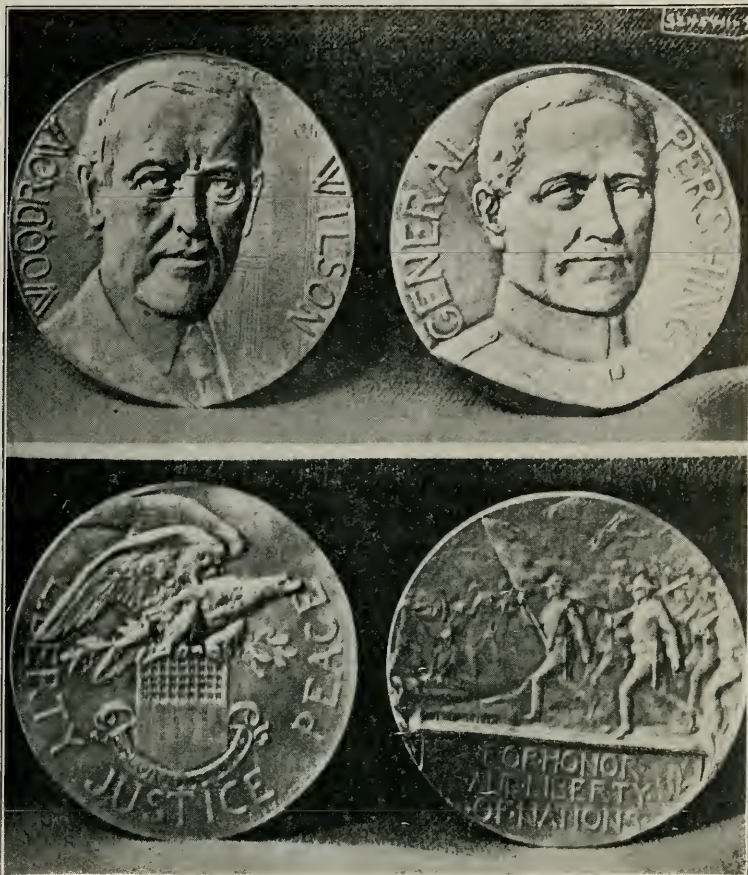
Our Battle Song

We've answered the call of our Nation, boys,
We're marching to the fife and drum.
We're defending our Nation's rights, boys,
Like our fathers at Lexington.
Then march to the tune of the fife and drum,
For Liberty's light shall rule the world,
And oppression soon must die.

We've answered the call of the world, boys.
For equal rights for man,
That Liberty's flag may be unfurled,
On the sea and on the land.
Then march to the tune of the fife and drum,
With Stars and Stripes on high,
For Freedom's cry is heard round the world,
And tyranny soon must die.

We've answered the call of Heaven, boys,
To prepare this world for the Son—
The Prince of Peace—who soon will reign
O'er every land and tongue.
Then march to the tune of the fife and drum,
And raise your standard high,
For Freedom's light shall rule the world,
And oppression forever die.

Mary Isabel Tanner.



© Underwood & Underwood, New York

WILSON-PERSHING MEDALS

French appreciation of two of our greatest Americans was sent to us in concrete form when Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, received two bronze medals, one of President Wilson and the other of General Pershing, from the French designer, J. P. Le Gastelois. On one side of the first is an excellent likeness of the President in *bas relief*, and on the reverse side is a design of an American eagle and the United States shield with the words, *E Pluribus Unum*. At the sides and bottom of this are the words, Liberty, Justice and Peace. On the other medal is a *bas relief* of General Pershing, the reverse side showing a delicate design of American soldiers marching to the front with the Stars and Stripes, with airplanes soaring above and a big cannon in action. Below are the words, For Honor and Liberty of Nations. The portraits were made from photographs furnished the artist by Mr. Hawley.



By Junius F. Wells

Among my Christmas presents there came to me two volumes written by a distinguished Belgian author. These I essayed to read by night, as was my custom, after going to bed. I had finished one volume and was upon the second. It is not my purpose here to criticize the mystic writings of modern social philosophers of the world, but only to say that I found little of interest or pleasure in the perusal of these two volumes. The themes, it seemed to me, were treated in such a way as to involve the mind in a maze of mental effort, rather obscuring than illuminating the thoughts that should inform and direct to knowledge suggesting a depth and profundity of the author's mind which language was not quite fit or able to clearly sound. As I do not believe there are any such depths or is any such profundity of the human mind, the employment of words, however beautiful they are, to suggest it seems affectation, and it becomes tedious and excessively tiresome reading an author who persists in it.

Whether right or wrong and whether the fault of this author or the translator or, as well might be, the limitation of my own intelligence, such was the effect upon me, and I labored wearily, groping for the author's meaning—ever learning but never coming to the knowledge of its truth.

In this feeling I must have fallen asleep or dropped into a momentary doze, from which I suddenly awoke and found myself sitting bolt upright in bed, the book fallen from my hands and these words upon my lips, uttered audibly: "Three Orsons."

I was amazed. I could recall no dream. It was not possible

to connect them with what I was reading. I had never before thought of the three eminent men together, whose names I had now spoken, but instantly they came to my memory: Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, Orson Spencer. Then I began to muse and wonder. Why had this thing happened? What caused it? What did it signify? Then the oddity of the name struck me—"Orson." What was its origin and particularly how strange that it should be the common name of the three most distinguished scholars and doctrinaires, preachers, missionaries, elders, apostles of the "Mormon" Church, contemporaries of their period, reaching from before the founding of the foreign missions to the establishment of the Latter-day Saints as "a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

For days following I thought of this name and especially of the three notable men it stood for. I also recalled several namesakes of theirs, men of the later generations known to me personally—there were many of these—in the community, of whom I had heard or read. There were Orson Pratt, Jr., Orson Arnold, Orson Spencer Clawson, Orson Spencer Clawson, Jr., Orson Smith, Orson Rogers, Orson Whitney, Orson F. Whitney, Orson Woolley, Orson Romney, and others.

Upon searching the Hyde, Pratt and Spencer genealogies, I found that neither of the families had the name Orson in it. These three were the first to receive it. They were not related to each other. Orson Hyde was born in Connecticut, Orson Pratt in New York and Orson Spencer in Massachusetts.

I was in New York at the time and so resorted to the Public Library, but even there found among the hundreds of thousands of volumes no book whose title began with "Orson," and no encyclopedia that had it. Quite by accident, however, in going through the card index of the initial V, I came upon the title "Valentine and Orson," and when I asked and signed for the volume, I was called into the wire cage where only the rare books are put into the hands of strangers. I found the volume given me was very small, bound in cloth, much soiled, as though often handled, and when I opened it, I was surprised at the disclosure of its title page, which is as follows:

VALENTINE AND ORSON

A romantic melo-drame

As performed at the

Theatre-Royal Coyent Garden

Price one shilling and sixpence

Written by T. Dibdin

Produced under the direction of

Mr. Farley, London.

Pr. and Pub. by Barker and Son

Dramatic Repository, Great Russell St. 1804.

Upon the succeeding page the following quaint dedication:

To Charles Farley—As a feeble though sincere acknowledgment for his professional exertions, unremitting zeal, attention and assiduity, in the stage arrangement of the following bagatelle its pages are most cordially inscribed by T. Dibdin.

The Ladies and Gentlemen who have so eminently distinguished themselves in the performance are also respectfully desired to accept, as they most amply merit, the Author's best thanks.

Upon the next page the following:

Characters

Pepin, King of France.....	Mr. Corey
Henry, Hautrey (his relatives).....	Mr. Klarcent and Mr. Clement
Valentine (a foundling).....	Mr. Farley
Orson (a wild man).....	Mr. Dibdin
Blandiman (squire to the Empress).....	Mr. Chapman
Peers of France, Citizens of Orleans, Peasants, Pages and Pilgrims	
Alexander (Emperor of Greece).....	Mr. Field
Princess Eglantine.....	Mrs. St. Leger
Empress Belisanta (sister to the King).....	Mrs. Dibdin
Fiorimanda.....	Mrs. Frederick
Agatha.....	Mrs. Martyn
Agramont (the Green Knight).....	Mr. Bologna
Ferragus.....	Mons. Le Grand
Facolet (the Genius).....	Master Menage

The scenery by Richards, Phillips, Whitmore and Hollogan.

The decorations and machinery by Goostreen, Sloper and Cresswell."

The following is a synopsis of the play, which was also a spectacle with musical accompaniment. It was produced at the Philadelphia theatre under management of Warren and Wood and the copy of the book is evidently that used by the prompter, being copiously marked throughout, as prompters' copies usually are:

Belisanta, sister to King Pepin of France and wife of the Emperor Alexander of Greece, is described as lovely and virtuous. She is, however, spitefully traduced to the Emperor by his priest, whose unholy overtures to her had been rejected and scorned. The Emperor being deceived, directs that she be slain for her supposed infidelity, but later modifies the decree of death to banishment with only a single attendant, her squire, the faithful Blandiman, who advised her to seek the Court of Pepin for a home and refuge. They journey thither and reach the forest of Orleans. Here Blandiman leaves her while he goes to ascertain if King Pepin will receive and protect his sister. During his absence the unfortunate Empress is brought to the supreme ordeal of motherhood and twins are born, there in the forest. She is presently attacked by a most hideous bear, by whom one of the babes is seized and carried away. In her agony she leaves the other and follows in pursuit of the bear.

While she vainly seeks to overtake the beast and rescue her child, King Pepin, who was hunting in the forest with members of his court, comes upon the one she left. He is strangely moved when he beholds this babe and declares he loves it and that it shall be brought up in gentleness as his own son, and orders it to be taken to the palace.

When Blandiman returns in search of his mistress, he finds her in this wretched plight, having given birth to twin sons only to be so tragically bereft of them. He reports that King Pepin believes the slanders that had caused her banishment and refuses to receive her. She prays that she might die, but Blandiman persuades her to seek refuge in Portugal, where, at the castle of the Giant Ferragus she finds refuge and lives in the obscurity of a nunnery for many years.

In the meantime the babe taken by King Pepin, who names him Valentine, as he was found on St. Valentine's day, grows to manhood, a refined gentleman and gallant soldier; and the other babe is nursed by the bear, and grows up a wild man of the woods, ultimately receiving the name Orson, a corruption of Ursini, meaning son of a bear.

Now Valentine has been sent to the wars against the Saracens and in course of time returns victoriously. He is greatly honored, and the King's relatives, Henry and Hautrey, become jealous of his distinction. The King makes a feast in honor of his great victory, and offers in gratitude to grant any request of his subjects that may be made of him on that day. The people who have been terrified by the bear and the wild man of the woods, ask for their destruction, and Henry and Hautrey taunt Valentine (hoping he will be killed) to undertake the venture. He valorously agrees to seek and destroy the bear and the wild man, and sets out for that purpose.

Presently Valentine and Orson meet and engage in mortal combat, Valentine with gleaming sword and polished shield, and the skill of a trained soldier, against the brutal strength of the wild man, who pulls up a young tree for a club, as his only weapon. In the fray that ensues the bear is killed, and Orson, wounded, is overcome and carried away in triumph to the King's palace. Here he is washed and dressed as a human being and made much of, but often becomes angry and wildly runs amuck.

About this time the Duke of Aquitaine arrives and begs help from King Pepin against the pagan sorcerer Agramont (the Green Knight), who has captured and holds his daughter a prisoner. This Green Knight is supposed to have a charmed life and has insolently challenged all comers to fight for the lady, agreeing that she shall be given to any knight who is able to defeat him. He has already overcome twenty knights that had

fought for her. Valentine volunteers. This, however, worries Eglantine, who is his affianced bride. She thinks the lady for whom twenty knights have fought and been defeated must possess charms that, should Valentine succeed, might also win him from her, as she has promised to wed the knight that rescues her. Eglantine, therefore, secures Valentine's armor and sets out ahead of him, to strive on her own account to overthrow the Green Knight. She has heard the legend that "no man nursed by woman can subdue this pagan," and surmises that a woman dressed as a man might. She says, "Perhaps it is his fate to fall by woman." Agatha, her maid, quaintly observes, "He wouldn't be the first if he did." She meets the knight and is easily overcome and is about to be killed when Valentine and Orson come upon the scene. They had been hindered on the way by Henry and Hautrey, who ambushed and tried to slay Valentine. Orson came to his rescue, however, making short work of the envious brothers, and together they hastened to encounter the Green Knight. Valentine is about to engage in the combat when he observes the words on the Green Knight's shield: "This shield protects a prince not nursed by woman," and hastily bids Orson seize the shield, which he alone has strength to do, and fights with Agramont whom he quickly slays.

At this dramatic climax the genius Pacolet appears and, descending from the clouds on a flying horse, informs everybody that Valentine and Orson are brothers, that their mother Belisanta is and always was an exceedingly virtuous and lovely lady, that the Emperor of Greece has discovered his mistake and is on his way to make amends. By a wave of the Genii's wand Orson is suddenly endowed with reason and weds the rescued Florimanda, while Valentine and Eglantine are married and live happy forever after. Curtain and music. That is the play.

It was months after reading this, upon returning to Utah, I asked my friend Spencer Clawson if he knew the origin of the name Orson, and to my surprise he replied that it was from the title of a fairy story: "Valentine and Orson," and that he had a copy, a little book given to him when a child by his mother for a Christmas present. He said he would let me take it, that he had it somewhere but had not seen it for years. He looked among his old books for it and told me afterwards that he had not succeeded in finding it; that it was not really lost nor destroyed and he would yet find it for me, but he never did. This was only a few days before his sudden death. Dear old Spencer! His name was Orson also, after his grandfather.

With this clue I followed the matter through the public library here and presently found that while no separate volume

was given to it, the story, under different titles, appeared, variously told in several volumes of fairy tales, and I derived the encyclopedia information that it originated in the Charlemagne period and was actually printed as early as A. D. 1495, just a few years after the first books printed from movable type. That it had great popularity about the beginning of the nineteenth century in England and naturally a succeeding vogue soon after in America. That is about the time when our Three Orsons were coming into the world, and their devoted mothers were seeking heroic names for their unequalled offspring.

This, I take it, accounts for their names, but why should they have sprung from my lips in the manner I have related? I can only surmise, from the impression that I then received and that persists with me, that these were extraordinary men, that their lives, their ministry, their sermons and writings deserve from me, at least, a closer study, a more familiar acquaintance and that I should find especially in their writings matter of better import, a Divine inspiration, more needful and helpful to me than the perusal of the popular authors of volumes of fine phrases, which sound pleasant enough to the ear, but lack the vigor of the inspired message, which illuminates the writings of the Three Orsons, who wrote and spoke, "not as the Scribes and Pharisees, but as men having authority."

Having this impression and that the lesson should be driven home, it has been my pleasure and greatly to my benefit, that I have searched the histories and biographies, the sermons and writings of these three men. They are wonderful! Very few in the history of the world more so. They were called and raised up by the Lord to perform missions of extraordinary interest. They carried the Divine message to men and peoples that none others were so peculiarly qualified to convey. There is not space to do more than quote briefly from the ministry of each a single incident or utterance; but these are of such a sublime character that they are bound to impress the reader with the fact that the Three Orsons were inspired servants of the Most High. They were commissioned and empowered to say and do the things that distinguished their lives, by the gifts and powers of the Spirit of God, which surpasseth the understanding of the most brilliant of men, and is as far above such as the heavens are above the earth.

Orson Hyde, born 28th January, 1805, died 28th November, 1878, was one of the original Twelve Apostles, chosen by the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon and ordained to that office by Oliver Cowdery. In the course of his long ministry, I have selected the following prophetic incident, which he had foreseen in a vision, as of timely interest, now that Palestine,

the Holy Land, is being redeemed "by nations and people that have found favor in the sight of the Lord."

April 6, 1840, at Nauvoo, Orson Hyde addressed the congregation. He stated that it had been prophesied some years ago that he had a great work to perform among the Jews and that he now intended to visit the Jews in New York, London and Amsterdam and then to visit Constantinople and the Holy Land.

Pursuant to this purpose, he proceeded slowly and after suffering much hardship and passing through many dangers he reached his final destination, and accomplished "the great work" spoken of: the dedication of Palestine for the return of the Jews, according to the prophecies of old and the promise of God in these latter days. I quote from his *Journal*:

On Sunday morning, October 24, 1841, a good while before day, I arose from sleep and went out of the city (Jerusalem) as soon as the gates were opened, crossed the brook Kedron and went upon the Mount of Olives and there in solemn silence, with pen and ink and paper, just as I saw in the vision, offered up the following prayer to Him who lives forever and ever.

This dedicatory prayer is long and prophetic. It will serve our present purpose, which foretells actual present conditions and the imminent realization of all that was hoped and prayed for, to quote from it but two or three paragraphs:

Grant, therefore, O Lord, in the name of thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, to remove the barrenness and sterility of this land, and let springs of living water break forth to water its thirsty soil. Let the vine and olive produce in their strength, and the fig-tree bloom and flourish. Let the land become abundantly fruitful when possessed by its rightful heirs; let it again flow with plenty to feed the returning prodigals who come home with a spirit of grace and supplication; upon it let the clouds distil virtue and richness, and let the fields smile with plenty. Let the flocks and the herds greatly increase and multiply upon the mountains and the hills; and let thy great kindness conquer and subdue the unbelief of thy people. Do thou take from them their stony heart, and give them a heart of flesh; and may the sun of thy favor dispel the cold mists of darkness which have beclouded their atmosphere. Incline them to gather in upon this land according to thy word. Let them come like clouds and like doves to their windows. Let the large ships of the nations bring them from the distant isles; and let kings become their nursing fathers, and queens with motherly fondness wipe the tears of sorrow from their eyes.

Thou, O Lord, did once move upon the heart of Cyrus to show favor unto Jerusalem and her children. Do thou now also be pleased to inspire the hearts of kings and the powers of the earth to look with a friendly eye towards this place, and with a desire to see thy righteous purposes executed in relation thereto. Let them know that it is thy good pleasure to restore the kingdom unto Israel—raise up Jerusalem as its capital, and constitute her people a distinct nation and government, with David thy servant, even a descendant from the loins of ancient David, to be their king.

Let the nation or that people who shall take an active part in behalf of Abraham's children, and in the raising up of Jerusalem, find favor in thy sight. Let not their enemies prevail against them, neither let pestilence nor famine overcome them, but let the glory of Israel overshadow them, and

the power of the Highest protect them; while that nation or kindom that will not serve thee in this glorious work must perish, according to thy word—"Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted."

Orson Pratt, born 19th September, 1811, died 3rd October, 1881. He became an apostle, one of the original Twelve chosen by the Three Witnesses and ordained by them. He was a famous scholar, especially learned in the higher mathematics, a lecturer on astronomy, an authority on the Holy Scriptures. No man perhaps had a better knowledge and understanding of the Scriptures. An author of many pamphlets and tracts on doctrine; a preacher of magnetic power, whose analyses of the ancient prophecies and their fulfilment made his discourses notable, above any others delivered by his contemporaries. His whole life was devoted to the ministry, in fulfilment of the revelation of the Lord through the Prophet Joseph, from whose history it is enough to quote the following:

In the fore part of November, 1830, Orson Pratt, a young man nineteen years of age, who had been baptized at the first preaching of his brother Parley P. Pratt, September 19th (his birthday) about six weeks previous, in Canaan, New York, came to inquire of the Lord what his duty was, and received the following answer:

"A Revelation to Orson Pratt, given November, 1830:

"1. My son Orson, hearken and hear, and behold what I, the Lord God, shall say unto you, even Jesus Christ your Redeemer;

"2. The light and the life of the world; a light which shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not;

"3. Who so loved the world that he gave his own life, that as many as would believe might become the sons of God: wherefore you are my son,

"4. And blessed are you because you have believed;

"5. And more blessed are you because you are called of me to preach my gospel,

"6. To lift up your voice as with the sound of a trump, both long and loud, and cry repentance unto a crooked and perverse generation, preparing the way of the Lord for His second coming;

"7. For behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, the time is soon at hand that I shall come in a cloud with power and great glory,

"8. And it shall be a great day at the time of my coming, for all nations shall tremble.

"9. But before that great day shall come, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon be turned into blood, and the stars shall refuse their shining, and some shall fall, and great destructions await the wicked:

"10. Wherefore lift up your voice and spare not, for the Lord God hath spoken; therefore prophesy, and it shall be given by the power of the Holy Ghost;

"11. And if you are faithful, behold, I am with you until I come:

"12. And verily, verily, I say unto you, I come quickly. I am your Lord and your Redeemer. Even so. Amen."

Orson Spencer, born 14th March, 1802, died 15th October, 1855. From his youth up he was of feeble physique, having an afflicted body, but with a mind of extraordinary brilliance and energy. He graduated from the Lenox Academy, at the head

of his high school class, and from Union College, the most famous of denominational colleges in America, with honors. He took the further classical course and his doctor's degree at the Hamilton Theological College, and became a minister of the Baptist Church, as which he served with high honor and distinction for fourteen years. For a time he read law. His associates were college men. His social and professional standing was perfectly secure, among the best of the educated, refined, religious people of his native state and nation. From these conditions, through the ministry of his brother Daniel, an elder of the Church, he was converted to "Mormonism." He gave the remainder of his life to its propaganda, as teacher, preacher, editor and author. He was a great missionary—the first to attempt to open a mission in Prussia, but was rejected there and banished. He was president of the European mission, 1847-1848, succeeding Elder Orson Hyde, 1846-1847, and was himself succeeded by Elder Orson Pratt, 1848-1851. The three Orsons in succession.

His most notable literary contribution, by which his name and reputation is made forever secure among the highest honored of the disciples of the Lord in these latter days, is the series of doctrinal discourses known as *Spencer's Letters*, which has been continuously published, as one of the standard Church works, since 1847. From it the following selection tells of the author's conversion to the gospel and sufficiently reveals the vigor of his character and superb quality of his scholarship:

As you kindly say, I have always been accustomed to offer a reason for my faith; but be assured I was confounded and made dumb, when asked *why* I taught another gospel than what Paul did—*why* I taught that revelation was ended, when Paul did not—or *why* I taught that prophets were not needed, when no inspired teacher ever taught such a doctrine. *Error may become venerable by age, and respectable from the number of its votaries, but neither age nor popularity can ever make it truth.*

You give me credit for a conscientious regard for the will of God. It was this that gave me the victory where many others, I fear, are vanquished. The Spirit of God wrought mightily in me, commending the ancient gospel to my conscience. I contemplated it with peaceful serenity and joy in believing. Visions and dreams began to illuminate, occasionally, my slumbering moments; but when I allowed my selfish propensities to speak, I cursed "Mormonism" in my heart, and regretted being in possession of as much light and knowledge as had flowed into my mind from that source. When I preached or conversed according to my best convictions, peace reigned in the hearts of those that heard me; at times, however, some were ready to gnash their teeth, for the truth that they would not receive and could not resist.

I counted the cost, to myself and family, of embracing such views, until I could read it like the child his alphabet, either upward or downward. The expense I viewed through unavoidable tears, both in public and private, by night and by day; I said, however, the Lord he is God. I can, I will, embrace the truth.

When I considered the weakness of the human mind, and its liability to be deceived, I re-examined and held converse with the most able opposers to "Mormonism," in a meek and teachable spirit; but the ease with which many, wearing a high profession of piety, turned aside the force of palpable truth, or leaned on tradition or inextricable difficulties, that they could not solve into harmony with their professions, was very far from dissuading me from my new views. What could I do? Truth had taken possession of my mind—plain, simple, Bible truth. It might be asked if I could not expel it from my door; yes, I could do it; but how would that harmonize with a sincere profession to preach and practice the truth, by way of example to others? It was a crisis I never shall, I never can forget. I remember it as an exodus from parents, kindred, denomination, and temporal support. Has any one ever passed such a crisis, he will say, at least, be careful of Brother Spencer's character and feelings.

Little as I supposed that I cared about popularity, competence, or the fellowship of those who were sincerely in error, when I came to be stretched upon the altar of sacrifice, and the unsheathed blade that was to excise from all these hung over me with perpendicular exactness; then, then, brother, I cried unto the Lord to strengthen me to pass through the scene with his approbation.

In conclusion, young men of Zion, who seek to know for yourselves, let me paraphrase the opening sentence of *Rasselas*, sometimes called the most notable and perfect prefatory paragraph in English literature:

Ye who listen with credulity to the admonitory whispers of faith, who pursue with eagerness the growing hope of a certain testimony and knowledge, who expect that age shall perform in these respects the glowing promises of youth, and that the future shall insure your firm establishment in the divine truth, attend to the history, study the sermons and prayers and writings, consider the ministry, give heed to the example and emulate, to the utmost of your endeavor, the lives of the Three Orsons.

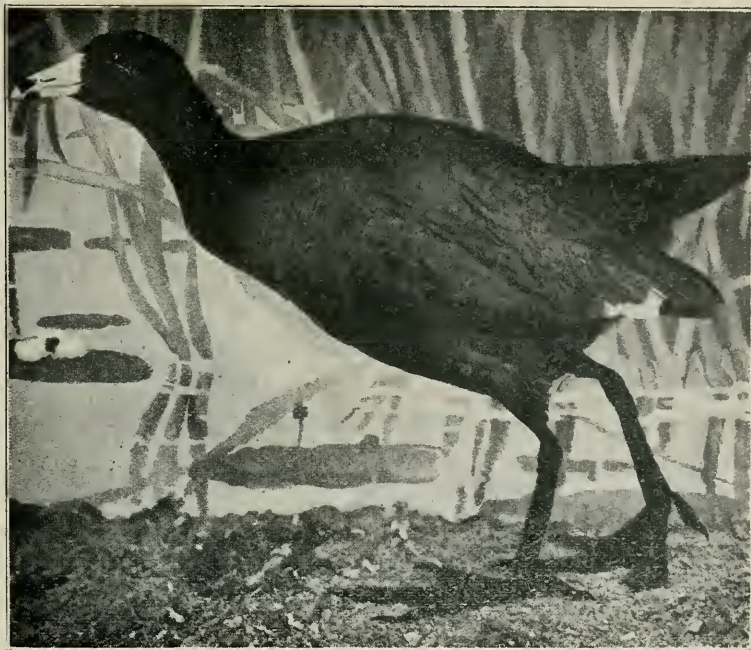
They were not content with the learning of the world, which they knew, but sought light at its source, the fountain-head, and found it.

The Glory of God is Intelligence.



Photo by Leland B. Anderson.

Mt. Agassiz, Utah



Outlines for Scout Workers

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.

XXVII—The American Coot

1. Give another name for the American coot.
2. To what general class of birds does he belong?
3. Describe a coot.
4. In what sort of places does he live. What is there about him to suggest this?
5. Upon what does the coot subsist and how does he obtain his food?
6. Where and of what does it build its nest?
7. Describe the eggs and tell the number to a setting.
8. What are the coot's enemies?
9. Of what use are the white under-tail patches?
10. Where are coots found in our valley in summer? In winter?

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
 Ye fisher heron, watching eels;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake. —Robert Burns.

The American Coot lives in muddy places and in consequence is often called the mud-hen. He belongs to the Rail family, several species of which are found in North America. He measures from fourteen to sixteen inches in length and is of

a general slate color. His head and neck are very dark, but the edges of his wings, the tips of his secondary feathers, and the under-tail feathers are of contrastive white. His stout bill is also white but fades into bluish toward the end. A peculiar brown spot marks the upper bill near its tip and one of like color is found directly under this on the lower bill.

In common with other members of the Rail family, our coot has long legs with powerful thighs. These together with his remarkably long, lobed toes make him exceedingly expert in water, but correspondingly awkward on land. His wings are short, rounded, and somewhat hollow, thus limiting his flight to that of feeble character and short duration. Owing to this make-up the mud-hen, therefore, spends practically his entire time in water.

A lake or quiet river densely surrounded by rushes or reeds, sluggish streams or muddy ponds are the usual abodes of our coot. He is not common on the Atlantic coast excepting in the more southern portions, but in the interior and on the prairie sloughs is found in great numbers.

The food, consisting of wild grain, seeds, larvae of insects, fish spawn, snails, worms, and vegetable matter, is usually obtained under water. Sometimes the coot will sink, in grebe fashion, and then take long swims under water with the aid of both feet and wings.

He is likewise an excellent surface swimmer. While making over the water he has the peculiar habit of bobbing his head in unison with his leg strokes.

A large amount of gravel seems necessary to help digest the hard seeds swallowed by the coot and for this he is often obliged to leave the muddy regions of the lake. When rising from the surface, he flutters just above it, pattering along for a distance, his distended feet striking the water constantly, until sufficient momentum is gained to spring into air.

The nest, made of loose rushes, is hidden close to the water. It is bulky and at times high water carries it down stream. The coot however remains with the nest until it becomes lodged in friendly reeds or rushes. Under normal conditions a runway of trodden-down rushes is built from the water to the nest and over this the nesting bird goes to and fro with but little hindrance from standing reeds.

In our valley the nest is built in May, June, or July. In it are laid from eight to fifteen eggs. These are yellowish white or buff sprinkled, especially around the larger ends, with brownish spots. After three weeks the mother bird leads her large family into the water. The little ones are clothed in dark down and from the outset are skillful swimmers.

The young stay near their mother and hide under her wing

at first shrill call of alarm from the guarding father. The principal enemies for which he is constantly on the alert are duck hawks, snakes, weasels, and coyotes. The young soon leave their parents who then devote themselves to rearing a second brood.

The coot is often seen in company with different varieties of ducks. In some instances they feed on grasses and the like the coot brings to the surface. During nesting season he is very jealous and will not permit alien swimmers in his neighborhood. Ordinarily coots are very timid and remain comparatively quiet during the day, but when night approaches they become braver and at times very noisy. Much of their feeding and swimming are done at night and in these they find it advantageous to associate in flocks. As they bob along over the water their short tails stick straight up, showing the patches of pure white on the under sides. These white patches, of course, are kept in constant bobbing motion and consequently serve admirably as signals for the coots following behind, thus enabling the night wanderers to follow through the darkness with but little risk of getting lost from their leaders. In case of alarm, the tails drop, the white spots are covered, and all remain motionless.

Coots range from Alaska to the West Indies and Central America. Their spring migrations occur usually in April and May and those of fall in September and October. Many come into and leave our valley at these times, but the greater number remain with us throughout the entire year.



The Home of the Coot

Rural Labor—Its Endowment

By Prof. Lowry Nelson

Up to the tasks of the world marches the endless procession of Labor. With its matchless strength and magic touch this giant army manipulates the wheels of industry, pumps trade through the arteries of commerce, turns the yielding sod, and annually shears the earth of its golden fleece. Work moves the universe. Labor is the heart of human institutions. Inspired labor is the *summum bonum*; the greatest good in the world.

Some labor; some drudge. Some meet and do their tasks in the light of inspiration, intelligence and faith; some moil in the dusk of uncertainty, and uninspired necessity. The labor of some is animated by imagination, the beauties of Nature, the joy of living, and hope of the future; that of others is animated by nothing. The laborer is supreme in the consciousness of his own power, and his faith in what the future holds; the drudge is a victim of the monotony of his toil.

Across the river, nestling close to the western foothills, is a homestead. The house, the barn, the yards, bear the unmistakable signs of poverty. It is early spring after a hard winter. Two anemic cows are reaching at the scanty supply of straw on the low shed that is trying to protect them from the incessant wind. A hungry looking dog rushes from the sunny side of the house to greet you. He indicates that visitors are rare. You approach the one-room house built of logs, and rap on the ill-hung door. After some moments a woman with a child in arms fearfully opens the door. Beyond her sitting by the stove, is a man, his head surrounded by fumes of smoke. He is sitting, elbows on knees, looking into the open oven. He looks around as you enter, and speaks but does not rise. A girl of eight and a boy of six, each like the parents, clothed in rags, are sitting on the floor playing. You comment upon the disagreeableness of the wind, and the uncertainty of the times, which strikes a responsive note immediately. The man slowly assumes an erect posture, takes two or three puffs on his pipe, and then there is a monologue something like this:

"I never saw such a God-forsaken country. Blow, blow, blow. It's blowed steady for ten days now without even stopping to get a fresh start. I hitched up and started down the country the other day, but I only got down the road about a

half mile when it blowed so hard and there was so much sand a-flying that I couldn't get the hosses to go any further, so I turned back. Got to get a little something to eat purty quick, too. Guess I'll try again tomorrow. Can't sell nothin', can't raise nothin'." "Why not?" you ask. "Too much wind, and laziness I suppose, to be honest," he admits.

Around the hill in a little cove that faces to the south, is another homestead. You can tell from a distance that the house is made of neatly-hewn logs. A small well-constructed barn, also of logs, and a high rail fence, give the yards a trademark of permanency and thrift. In a machine shop nearby you hear the clanging of hammer strokes that tell you industrious hands are at work. You go at once to the source of the noise. A man is standing at the anvil riveting the jaws on a pitman rod. His wife, who has just come to call him to the midday meal, is sitting on a nail keg near the forge. Their five-year-old son is watching in childish admiration the mighty hand that is wielding the heavy hammer. The man steps forward with hand outstretched to greet you as you enter. He introduces his wife and son, and suggests that you tie your horse in the barn out of the wind, and stop and have dinner. Their hospitality is accepted.

The interior of the house delights you. In every detail it bears evidence of the magic touch of intelligence. You partake of a simple, yet wholesome and well prepared dinner. You learn through conversation that this man and woman dream dreams and cast their visions into the future. You find them deeply interested in the variety and possibilities of their work. He is glad that spring is being delayed a few days to enable him to get all his machinery repaired before spring work comes on. The wind is blowing and it is a bleary day, but these happy beings are unconscious of it. They are enamored of their work. They have inspiration sought in the intelligent performance of their tasks, and the vision of the future is theirs.

Through intercourse with great books and the school room, their seeing sense has developed. They are the truly great; the masterpieces of modern society. The rich endowments of education are theirs; they have drunk at the fountain of knowledge. Their neighbors around the point will never know the secret of their success and happiness.

Logan, Utah

You Cannot Get Away From Yourself

By Joseph S. Peery, Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Liberty Stake

"I am associating with myself all the time, day and night, and I do not want to do anything that myself will not approve." These words were dropped in a conversation twenty years ago by United States District Judge Tillman D. Johnson. The event causing the remark is forgotten, but the writer hopes never to forget the words nor the desire to pass them on to others.

"I am with myself all the time," relates not only to this earth life existence, but to the existence of all eternity. When a man does wrong, that wrong is known by at least two persons: by his Maker in his own image, who breaks his Creator's commandments he adds to his difficulties, for, either in this life or in the life to come, he must meet them all.

The young man who reasons, "I will have all the fun I can in this life, for I will be a long time dead," and, acting upon this beguiling thought, who goes into dissipation, who rejects the advice that he is the protector of the girl, and who riotously lives the carnal life as a destroyer of virtue and womanhood, who yields to selfish indulgence and degrades the body made by his Maker in His own image, who breaks his Creator's commandments and finally runs his life course of disobedience, will enter the spirit world with knowledge that he lives, with a keen sense of his wasted life and his defiance of the Almighty. The great Latter-day Prophet Joseph Smith tells us, "The agony of hell is mental. The sinner realizes what he has missed. He sees others have joy that he might have had, if he had acted and lived differently, and he is his own accuser.

Having the intelligence he had in earth life, he realizes that his condition in the Spirit world is the result of his own actions. Hell of fire and brimstone could not be worse than his torture of mind. What can be worse than mental agony? Oh, that he could get away from himself! Oh, that he could go back to earth life and live over even a small portion of that wasted opportunity! He sees others who have obeyed and served their Maker, and notes their happiness. This only adds to the realization of what "he has missed." In earth-life he refused to consider, now he learns fully the meaning of Paul's warning, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Galatians 6:7).

He reaps a crop of regret, remorse, suspense, and a lake of

fire and brimstone could not be worse than his agony of mind. The climax of his misery is the knowledge that his Maker knows his record in every detail and that he must stand before God and be judged according to his works.

Summer has gone and my soul is not saved. My earthly life was one of selfish gratification. I did there as I pleased. Now I must yield to the demands of justice and pay the penalty to the "uttermost farthing." When I finally "rise and stand before God," I will be judged by the book of my life. How horrible, how unbearable! With such a record, what can I expect?

It is probable in the Spirit World that the sinner has such musings of misery and suspense. The Savior in the nineteenth section of the Doctrine and Covenants commands us all to repent:—

Repent, lest I smite you by the rod of my mouth, and by my wrath, and by my anger, and your sufferings be sore—how sore you know not! how exquisite you know not! yea, how hard to bear you know not!

For behold I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent."

But if they would not repent, they must suffer even as I, which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit.

Such is the latest printed divine word of what we must meet if we will not repent. Every one should deeply consider these words and not be indifferent to them. They apply to us all. They mean what they say. The main thing of repentance is to quit sinning—not only to feel sorry for the sins we commit, but to "cease doing the things we are sorry for."

Through the wonderful atonement of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, all mankind will rise from the grave sometime—the body and spirit will be reunited constituting the soul of man. However, all will not rise at the same time nor go to the same place. It will be a merit system that Paul compares to the sun, moon and stars. The Savior says: "In my Father's house are many mansions." President John Taylor remarked "We will have to pass by the Gods and the angels, and how sad it would be for a man to come forward and be told, 'Stop and take another course. You have not yet paid the penalty for your contempt of God's laws and his kindness unto you. You cannot come forth in the first thousand years. You must wait until the second.' "

But to the constructive side, and the doctrine of the Latter-day Saints is constructive, though we should all look at the situation squarely, yet the splendid fact and blessing exist that God is merciful. The Bible tells us "God's tender mercies are over all his works." "God's tender mercies endure forever."

"Christ died as a ransom for all." "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me" (John 12:32). "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

But as the Book of Mormon warns, "We should not procrastinate our repentance unto the end." This life is a place of preparation for the next life, one school of development, one part of eternity. Delays are dangerous. We should face the fact that, either willingly or through suffering, we will all eventually come in harmony with divine law. It does not pay to defy God's law, for the penalty must be paid to the uttermost farthing. The universe is governed by law. The spiritual domain is ruled by law, and every soul must and will finally yield obedience to law. How much better it is to humble ourselves and yield obedience willingly to Almighty God than to be whipped into line through suffering. We have the option. No one can escape. The Divine Law applies to every one, rich and poor, high and low, renowned and unknown. God is no respecter of persons. Whoever obeys the law receives the reward.

So called "Mormonism" is broad and beautiful and hopeful. It does not consign the poor sinner to endless hell. It tells him that, though the debt must be paid and it is going to be hard enough, bad enough and long enough, yet when justice is satisfied the prisoner is free. It also tells him to do as Sir Walter Scott said on his dying bed to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "Be a good man." By being good he starts to receive a portion of his heaven right here in earth life, and is very much further advanced when he dies than to be put into a condition and place of hell to work off a debt for his bad deeds.

Furthermore, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints helps him mostly by giving him something to do to help others. It teaches him that when he is in the service of his fellow man he is in the service of his God. It proves to him that he is progressing when he serves others, and he knows full well he is not progressing when he thinks only for himself. The Church shows him that his exaltation depends largely on his own efforts, that the heaven he gets will be the heaven he earns, and that his safety and happiness depend upon his performance of duty.

The inspiration of the Almighty is shown in the words of the Koran:

"When a man dies those who survive him inquire what property has he left behind, but the angel who bends over the bed of the dying man inquires what good deeds has he sent before."

Henry Van Dyke in his *Joy and Power* appeals to the reader, "Live in the light of knowledge that you live forever. What are you going to give personally to make the human life of the place where you do your work, purer, stronger, better and more worth living? The question for you is not what are you going to get out of the world; but what are you going to give to the world."

President B. S. Hinckley, of Liberty stake, recently addressed a congregation in these words: "How would a person feel who goes to the next life and be shown a beautiful mansion he might have had. Instead of that he sees the miserable hut that he sent up for himself."

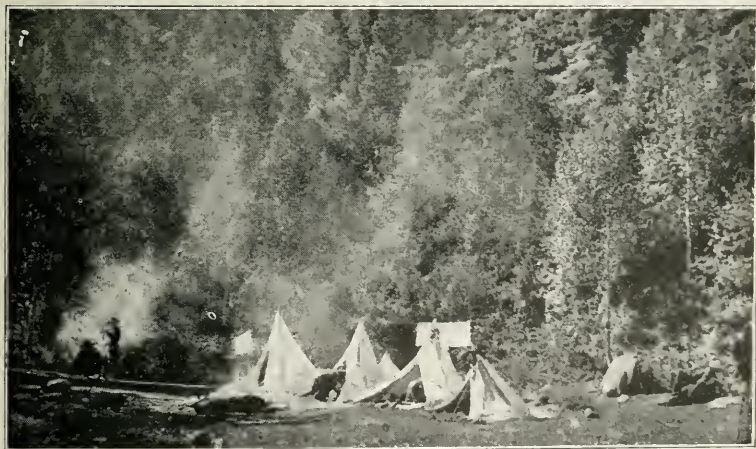
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these: it might have been."

The Lord is a good Paymaster. How glorious is the reward of those who love and serve their Maker! Through the centuries the promise of the Good Book has been held up to humanity: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them who love him."

And the later words of the Savior printed in the Doctrine and Covenants should be borne in mind by everyone: "But learn this, that he who doeth the works of righteousness shall receive his reward: even peace in this life and eternal life in the world to come." (Sec. 59: 23.)

Peace in this life is a precious boon, and eternal life is the choicest of all blessings.



*Scout Camp, American Fork Canyon, Troop 1, Salt Lake City
T. Geo. Wood, Scout Master*

Problems of the Age

Dealing with Religious, Social and Economic Questions and their Solution. A Study for the Quorums and Classes of the Melchizedek Priesthood

By Doctor Joseph M. Tanner

XXXIV—Business Life

Credit System.—Is there no end to credit? One hundred and twenty billion! That is the present indebtedness of the nations at war. The actual gold reserves which back up these obligations are insignificantly small. Running in debt is a simple thing. We all know what debt means. Its shifting processes make and unmake men by hundreds of thousands annually. Debts weaken, too often, the moral status of man. They embitter him, convert him into a pessimist, and often drive him to court anarchy openly or secretly; more often secretly. How much anarchy there is in the world can hardly be surmised. It is only when violence manifests itself and gains the upper hand that its great recruits pour in. The shifting of financial advantages from one country to another operates to depress individuals as it does nations.

Money is one of the most powerful agents in the world. Its disintegrating spirit spells all sorts of ruin, worse in this age than any other because there is more dependence upon it. What a money-mart Syria was in the days of Croesus! How the proud Phoenicians gathered the treasures of the world in their ports on the Mediterranean! In Spain money talked to all the world. Money in all ages spelled ruin. What will it spell in ours? Conditions are different; that is true, but the modern financial world is more sensitive to its disturbance than the ancient or medieval. Money which is so much coveted is dangerous alike to the nations that get it as well as to those that lose it, for the one that has lends to the one that needs, and money scarcity is felt everywhere. We have learned already how a disturbance in the money market affects every class of business, how depositors rush to the bank and draw out their millions. Great money disturbances are certain to come, and it will tax the wisdom of the world more than it ever has in the past. We may look for crises.

Shifting the Money Market.—The money centre of the world has been shifted from London to New York, and England is therefore sure to feel the pinch of the loss of its monetary standing. This is the picture drawn by the great paper, the *London Statist*:

“The main cause, of course, of the trouble in which we find ourselves is the refusal of governments of all parties to prepare, though they were fully and clearly warned by the enemy himself. But we must add that the government was to some extent misled by the London bankers, who, for a quarter of a century previously, had refused, in spite of all warnings and all pressure brought to bear upon them, to increase adequately their reserves. The main cause, however, of the predicament in which we now find ourselves, is

that we, the public of all classes and all conditions, have allowed the idle rich and the mere talking professional classes to monopolize the government of the empire. Consequently, we must frankly admit that a good deal of the discredit rests upon the great public itself. Will they waken up at last, and recognize that men who cannot dress themselves of a morning without the help of servants, cannot be expected to do anything that entails a little trouble, however simple it may be, and that gentlemen whose business in life is to talk and to interpret an uninterpretable law, are not likely to be good guides in the days of danger and distress."

Dangers of Chaos.—It may be that we have very few men in Congress who are unable to dress themselves mornings, but we have a good majority of talking professionals whose business training quite unfits them for the grave responsibility of financial legislation beyond getting appropriations. The raids on our national treasury are often scandalous. The business men of the United States have withheld themselves from political life, and employed their talents in private enterprise. The United States will require its most competent men when it faces the payment of twenty billions and much more. Capital is a most capricious thing and holds in its keeping the employment of millions of men and women whose daily bread depends upon the working machinery of our industrial life. This machinery will become more sensitive as the big future financial problems confront us. Any displacement or break-up would lead to the most disastrous results. But if we are to become the financial centre of the world shall we not have plenty of money for mistakes and extravagance? The trouble is that we are likely to lose our hold on what we get. The nations of Europe will enter into a fierce competition for the recapture of it. Government operation must be on a scale heretofore unknown to us. If we deal as wastefully with billions as we once dealt with millions, and graft is not replaced by more conservative and honorable methods, the results may prove most disastrous.

End of Great Fortunes.—In an interview with William Guggenheim, published in *McClure's* for October, he is reported as saying:

"I believe the end of this war will mark the end of huge fortunes. After Mr. Rockefeller, it is likely the world will never again see an accumulation of a thousand million dollars in the hands of one person. War is making us accustomed to profit control. More and more people are asking, 'Why should anybody get more than a certain reasonable profit out of any enterprise?' As a matter of fact, why should they?"

Of the incentive to work, he further remarked:

"All men, whether poor or rich, need some encouragement, some stimulation of ambition to make them put forth their best efforts, but remember, it is not to accumulate further millions indefinitely that rich men work. As soon as a man has fifty or sixty thousand a year to spend, he has about all that money can give him. What he wants after that is power. He continues to work for the joy he gets in the exercise of power. In the future our able rich men will find joy in power by associating themselves with the government, for government is power."

The last sentence is a forecast of our government as a great business agency in the operation of railroads, telegraph lines, steamships, telephones, and other public utilities. How will it work out on the question of capital and labor? The government will derive its power from labor and it will be also the capitalist. Such a condition is anomalous, and its workings no man

can foresee, except the endless controversy and bitterness that will be sure to arise out of it. It, like a hundred other problems, will be a new one, charged heavily for good or evil.

The important thing to remember is that such future conditions, to bring peace, must be based upon a high state of morality and religion. As things now stand in the world, the new age will be subject to explosive violence of the most destructive kind. Is there nothing but danger in the world, nothing but violence to hope for? Look about you and see. Is it not an age of explosives, an age of destruction? If present conditions keep on long we shall witness more destruction in the war now going on than has been witnessed in all the wars from the beginning of time down to the year 1914. But will not wealth insure us? Wealth is not a preservation of any kind. It is laden with danger. The greatest wealth of all time has demonstrated how horribly destructive it can be, destructive in both life and property. We say it is the "sinews of war." It is likewise the death-rattle of war.

Rivalry.—What will be the position of the United States financially after the war? Read further from the *London Statist*:

"In every direction competitors are growing up. But there are two who are specially dangerous. First our kinsman across the Atlantic. They are considerably more than twice as numerous as we are in these islands. They are among the very best business men the world holds today. And they are in possession of soil which is capable of maintaining five times the population it has at present. They have therefore illimitable room to spread and to multiply, and they have resources which, with the exception of China, no other country possesses. Under any circumstances, therefore, they would distance us in the long run. As it is, three short years of war have suddenly deprived us of our financial primacy, and threaten to land us in a position in which we shall be dependent upon the lending powers of others, and incapable of lending ourselves."

"The second really formidable competitor is Japan. Her people are far less numerous than our American kinsmen, and her soil is in no sense equal to theirs. On the other hand, she has a wide territory now, and she has a people as capable as perhaps any country upon earth. Her trade is growing at a rapid rate, her credit is rising surprisingly well; and above all and as a proof of all, she has been able to lend to Russia, to France, and to ourselves, while she has supplied Russia with a very large proportion of the munitions which have enabled Russia to make such fight as she has made up to the present. There is no scarcity, then, of competent communities to take our place."

Dangers of Money.—Money is, and always has been, the firebrand of war. Two things are necessary for a conflagration: one, proximity; the other, competition. American and Japanese possessions are interlaced. Both nations are proud and avaricious. Can they maintain peace between themselves? We have witnessed Japan's sensitiveness over her people in our Pacific States, and we have felt her resentment when our country sent to China the innocent hope that the Chinese might settle peacefully their difficulties. Both countries will be rich and equipped for any emergencies. The latent dangers between them cannot be concealed. Japan has established a sort of Monroe Doctrine with respect to China; but unlike us, she interfered with the government and resources of China in a way we would not think of doing in South America. There are now serious difficulties between us, difficulties which the war is postponing. Later they must be adjusted. Besides, China is the coming country for the exploitation of trade. Two money powers, two financial

centers, are already staring each other in the face. Neither is exhausted or likely to be exhausted by the present war. The heavens, the earth, and the sea are filled with explosives. Whenever explosives have been piled up, something or somebody has touched them off. They are not very comforting to contemplation nor to personal relation. You say such pictures are very, very dark. Very well, then, you draw a bright one. The trenches are not all in France. Capital and labor are entrenched, the forces of evil everywhere are entrenched. It is a world of antagonisms. The money markets of the world are face to face in the trenches. Mammon aspires to unrighteous dominion. Men take desperate chances to get money, and so do the nations. There is a national life moved by the same motives that actuate individuals.

We shall be proud to see the money center of the world transferred to our own great financial metropolis. Ninety per cent of all the trouble in the world has its root in money. It creates, wherever it is abundant, social, moral, and business trouble. And it is the one thing almost universally craved, notwithstanding its evil associates. Is there no hope? Yes, there is one hope, and only one, and that is that some day God will bring light to this old earth as he did to its creation.

Revelation.—"And all things shall be in commotion; and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people" (Doc. and Cov. 88:91; Read also Secs. 70 and 72, Doc. and Cov.)

XXXV—The Negro Question

Its Origin.—The Civil War did not end the negro question. The freeing of that race from the bonds of servitude brought about one of the most destructive and hate-engendering wars that the world has ever known, and gave rise to what is known in politics as the solid South. During all of the period of reconstruction the animosities between members of Congress from the north and south were often wholly beyond control, and disputations on the floors of the Senate and House sometimes led to physical encounters. Economic conditions in the early history of the United States were responsible for the transportation of hundreds of thousands of black men from their home in Africa to the land of freedom and to conditions wholly unlike those to which the black race was inured. It was no fault of that unfortunate people that they came in contact with the Anglo-Saxon race. They were creatures of the slave trade carried on generally by the Arabs in Africa and were the victims of a slavery that is often portrayed as in most instances heart-rending.

Liberty is a very precious boon. The lowest of races prize it. The freedom of speech, the right to move about as one sees fit, is one of the boons of government for which the world has been struggling for many centuries.

The Prophet Joseph foresaw the war which the negro question would bring about, and his prophetic utterances are historically familiar to all the Saints. He would have solved the question by the purchase of the negro's freedom. Such, however, was not permitted to be (See *Era*, Dec., 1917, p. 170). The question of whether or not the negro should be free was a burning question between two important sections of our country—the North and the South. It was not simply a question of compensation. It was a question of arguments, of long standing disputations, and of hatreds that had grown out of political conditions in view of the division between the North and the South. It was one of those forces that had passed human adjustment by any visible means, and it led to a most fearful war, whose

consequences in our national hatred have been felt for more than a generation.

Effects of Emancipation.—One extreme often follows another. The negroes were lifted out of a condition of servitude and placed not only into a new world of social and financial freedom, but were given all the political rights which belonged to the white race. They were grossly incompetent, they were unsuited for self-government, and above all, they had proven no capacity for rule in a government such as ours was. That was no fault of theirs, unless it may be said that it was a race incapacity. There has been a world of discussion as to whether it was a wise thing, politically or economically or socially to do. The question has been thrashed out for upwards of fifty years on the floors of Congress. However, it is an acknowledged fact, at times it brought the people of the North and the South to the verge of armed forces. Unhappily, the question is not solved in our own day and there are prospects of future troubles which give anxiety to the best, most thoughtful minds of our age. The question will not down. It confronts us in numerous ways, and all the time there is a world of hatred growing out of the differences between the black and the white races. Hatreds in time bear fruitage. They have their evil consequences to future generations. They are a part of our inheritance, and thus we go on accumulating, year after year, the most dangerous explosives to our social, economic, and governmental life. Even now the last echoes of an awful tragedy between the negroes and the whites at St. Louis has not died away. Our government is, at this writing, carrying on the trial of colored soldiers who in Texas made a raid upon one of the cities and killed a number of inhabitants. Wherever the negroes find themselves at any advantage whatever they are quick to resent the wrongs which they believe, and which they have been taught to believe, have been piled upon them for generations. We have frequent accounts of the burning of negroes at the stake. Many of that unfortunate race have been led in ignorance to commit outrages upon whites—outrages that are not entirely unknown to the white race—but there is a psychological barrier between the two. What is done by the one is unspeakably more horrible than that committed by the other, and the ethnological barriers between the two have no prospect of breaking down.

Intermarriage.—All practices of intermarriage have brought the offspring of the two races completely on the side of the colored man, and even when this intermarriage is carried on for a number of generations, eliminating almost entirely the color of the skin, the so-called "taint of the blood" is there. The gulf between them is impassable.

The Irrepressible Conflict.—For a long time the people of the North, out of the zeal of the Civil War, were the advocates of negro rights. They resented through the press what they considered the unjust treatment of the black man and his failure to receive the political recognition that was rightfully due him. The negro question was the absorbing question of the South. More and more it is invading the North. Into all the large cities large numbers have migrated, only to be compelled to occupy certain districts isolated for their habitation. In the North it is also becoming an industrial question. The black man is not invited into the great labor unions; as a rule he is excluded from a large number of employments; he is often discriminated against in the schools. The ideals, therefore, which certain northern people erected with respect to their unfortunate colored brethren of the south, have not been successfully carried out. They are not today, so far as human interest can aid, capable of any satisfactory realization.

The Economic Phase.—The negro question is therefore becoming

more and more an economic one, and it is doubtful if the North will be any better able to solve the problem than the people of the South have been. In such antagonisms there is always more or less injustice. Views necessarily become extreme, and extreme convictions lead to unjust results and violent antagonisms. These antagonisms are growing. The problem looms up on all sides. Violence is done to the black man, sometimes by the black man to the white man. Growing hatreds can mean nothing less than growing violence. Violence begets war, and there are not a few who sincerely believe that as soon as the negro feels himself competent to strike, he will strike in the most dangerous manner. We are bringing him into our armies. We are drilling him to fight. We call upon him to offer his life in any war to which his country may be a party. He fought, and fought valiantly, in the war against Spain, and will be found by the thousands in the ranks of the American army now in or moving to France.

The question is full of pathos. What shall be done? What can be done? In the days of Noah, the daughters of man were fair to look upon and the children of God married them. This led to the flood. A mixture of races at that time, as we understand from our religious doctrines, between the dark and the white races, led to the destruction of the human race. We do not believe in the mixture of these two races. All experience forbids it. Our religious teachings give us fundamental reasons for the differences which should be maintained.

The movement of the negro is now growing rapidly from the farms which he has cultivated to the large cities in which he is becoming an important factor. In the North he enjoys his political franchise. He may exercise it in such a way as to compel at least some measure of political respect; but that franchise freely exercised in the North, carries with it dangers that may lead to violence even among those who have been the most professed friends of the negro. In the South the views of the representatives of this race are irreconcilable.

Conflicting Views.—I quote here from an address of Senator Jas. K. Vardaman, from Mississippi:

"But the door of hope might have remained closed so far as the progress of the negro was to make for himself was concerned. He has never created for himself any civilization. He has never risen above the government of a club. He has never written a language. His achievements in architecture are limited to the thatched-roofed hut or a hole in the ground. No monuments have been builded by him to body forth and perpetuate in the memory of posterity the virtues of his ancestors.

"For countless ages he has looked upon the rolling sea and never dreamed of a sail. In truth, he has never progressed, save and except when under the influence and absolute control of a superior race. His opportunities have been great. The negro helped to build the temples of Rameses, he polished the columns of Karnak, he toiled at the hundred-gated Thebes, he was touched by the tides of civilization that swept across the Eastern Hemisphere in the forenoon of the ages, and yet it made no more impression upon him as a race than a drop of water on the oily back of a duck. He is living in Africa today, in the land where he sprang, indigenous, in substantially the same condition, occupying the same rude hut, governed by the same club, worshipping the same fetish that he did when the Pharaohs ruled in Egypt. He has never had any civilization except that which has been inculcated by a superior race. And it is a lamentable fact that his civilization lasts only so long as he is in the hands of the white man who in-

culcates it. When left to himself he has universally gone back to the barbarism of the jungle.

"Let us consider his condition in Haiti. It will throw a flood of light upon our own American problem. The negro acquired control of this island more than 100 years ago. Thomas Jefferson said: 'This will test the negro's capacity for self-government.'

"With his usual prescience and foresight, Jefferson predicted failure. But he said: 'Let him try it. We will help him.'

"Haiti was at that time the gem of the Antilles. The most magnificent cane fields, coffee plantations, and fruit groves graced the landscape of that delightful little island. Now shift the scene. Look at Haiti today, after 100 years of negro rule. After 100 years of assistance by the white man—assistance with money, with example, precept, and all of those superior virtues which characterized the civilization of the white race, what do we find there today? Sir Spencer St. John, who represented the English government at Port au Prince for twenty years, wrote a book entitled, *Haiti, or Black Republic*. When this English officer first visited Haiti he looked with compassion upon the black man. He thought he had been denied an equal chance in the race of life. He thought he had been the victim of slavery—that the elements of manhood had been stifled by such oppression as some of the distinguished senators on this floor in this debate have called attention to as having been practiced in the Southern States of America. Yes; he thought 'the negro was a sunburned Yankee, who had not been given a square deal.'

"Sir Spencer St. John remained as the representative of his government at the court of the black republic for twenty years. He made a close study of the question. He informed himself as to the racial peculiarities of the negro, and his testimony to the world is that the negro is incapable of self-government. He is incapable of sustaining a civilization all his own. Further, he says:

"'After an experience of 100 years, Haiti has proved a failure. There is no semblance of civil government there, except in the seaports, which are dominated by whites and mulattoes.'

On the other hand, W. E. B. DuBois, an eminent leader of the colored race, speaking of the results of the prejudice which held down the people of his race, writes as follows:

"No matter how well trained a negro may be, or how fitted for work of any kind, he cannot in the ordinary course of competition hope to be much more than a menial servant.

"He cannot get clerical or supervisory work to do save in exceptional cases.

"He cannot teach save in a few of the remaining negro schools.

"He cannot become a mechanic except for small transient jobs, and cannot join a trades union.

"A negro woman has but three careers open to her in this city: domestic service, sewing, or married life.

"As to keeping work:

"The negro suffers in competition more severely than white men.

"Change in fashion is causing him to be replaced by whites in the better paid positions of domestic service.

"Whim and accident will cause him to lose a hard-earned place more quickly than the same things would affect a white man.

"Being few in number compared with the whites the crime or carelessness of a few of his race is easily imputed to all, and the reputation of the good, industrious, and reliable suffer thereby.

"Because negro workmen may not often work side by side with

white workmen, the individual black workman is rated not by his own efficiency, but by the efficiency of a whole group of black fellow workmen which may often be low.

"Because of these difficulties, which virtually increase competition in his case, he is forced to take lower wages for the same work than white workmen.

"Men are used to seeing negroes in inferior positions; when, therefore, by any chance a negro gets in a better position, most men immediately conclude that he is not fitted for it, even before he has a chance to show his fitness."

"If, therefore, he set up a store, men will not patronize him.

"As to his expenditure:

"The comparative smallness of the patronage of the negro, and the dislike of other customers, make it usual to increase the charges or difficulties in certain directions in which a negro must spend money.

"He must pay more house rent for worse houses than most white people pay.

"He is sometimes liable to insult or reluctant service in some restaurants, hotels, and stores, at public resorts, theaters, and places of recreation, and at nearly all barber shops.

"As to his children:

"The negro finds it extremely difficult to rear children in such an atmosphere and not have them either cringing or impudent: if he impresses upon them patience with their lot, they may grow up satisfied with their condition; if he inspires them with ambition to rise, they may grow up to despise their own people, hate the whites, and become embittered with the world.

"His children are discriminated against, often in public schools.

"They are advised when seeking employment to become waiters and maids.

"They are liable to species of insult and temptation peculiarly trying to children.

"As to social intercourse:

"In all the walks of life the negro is liable to meet some objection to his presence or some discourteous treatment; and the ties of friendship or memory seldom are strong enough to hold across the color line.

"If an invitation is issued to the public for any occasion, the negro can never know whether he would be welcomed or not; if he goes he is liable to have his feelings hurt and get into unpleasant altercation; if he stays away he is blamed for indifference.

"If he meet a lifelong white friend on the street, he is in a dilemma; if he does not greet the friend he is put down as boorish and impolite; if he does greet the friend he is liable to be flatly snubbed.

"If by chance he is introduced to a white woman or man, he expects to be ignored on the next meeting, and usually is.

"White friends may call on him, but he is scarcely expected to call on them, save for strictly business matters.

"If he gain the affections of a white woman and marry her, he may invariably expect that slurs will be thrown on her reputation and on his, and that both his and her race will shun their company.

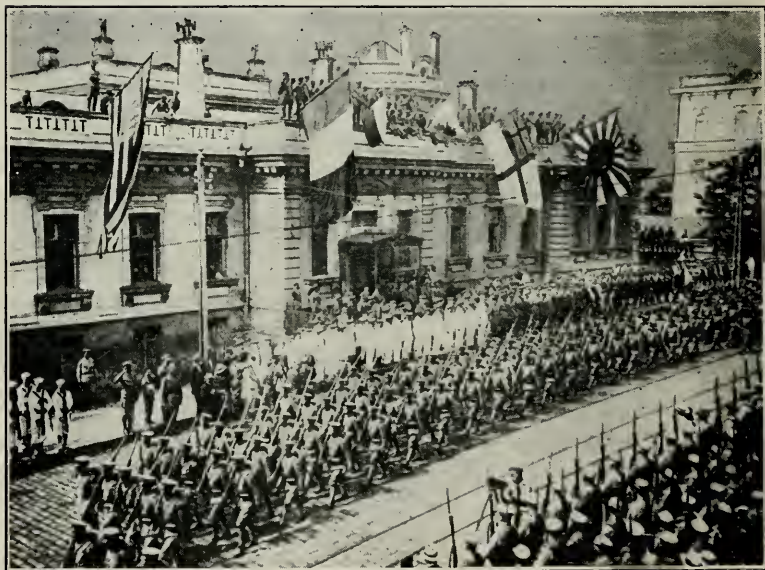
"When he dies he cannot be buried beside white corpses. * *

"Any one of these things happening now and then would not be remarkable or call for especial comment; but when one group of people suffer all these little differences of treatment and discriminations and insults continually, the result is either discouragement, or bitterness, or oversensitiveness, or recklessness. And a people feeling thus cannot do their best."

The present war will make a heavier demand for the kind of labor the colored man is fitted to do. Thousands will migrate from the south and take employment surrendered by the call to arms. The whites will return, and there can be no doubt that they will endeavor to crowd the negro back. Will they be able to do it? The negro question is full of ugly possibilities.

Negro Excluded from Exercise of Government in Churches.—The negro race in the Church are excluded from its government through the priesthood. "Now this king [Pharaoh] of Egypt was a descendant from the loins of Ham, and was a partaker of the blood of the Canaanites by birth.

"From this descendant sprang all the Egyptians, and thus the blood of the Canaanites was preserved in the land. Pharaoh being a righteous man, established his kingdom and judged his people wisely and justly all his days, seeking earnestly to imitate that order established by the fathers in the first generations, in the days of the first patriarchal reign, even in the reign of Adam, and also of Noah his father, who blessed him with the blessings of the earth, and with the blessings of wisdom, but cursed him as pertaining to the priesthood" (Book of Abraham 1:21, 22, 26).



© Underwood & Underwood, New York

AMERICAN TROOPS IN VLADIVOSTOK

One of the first photos to arrive in this country showing the American forces in Vladivostok.

Here are shown American officers and American marines saluting the parade of the Allies in the streets of the Russian city.

The Great Gift

By Eunice Creager

A brakeman on passenger train Number One of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern walked briskly down the aisle of the day-coach.

"Washington! Washington! Next stop, Washington!" he called.

The fat drummer, awoke, suddenly, rubbed his eyes sleepily, and reached for his grip in the parcel rack. The usual stir and bustle of preparation prevalent in all railway cars began.

In the seat behind the fat drummer, a trim little figure had suddenly grown tense at the word "Washington." With a deft movement of her small body, she leaned out the window and peered eagerly at the whirling landscape.

Her face framed in its soft brown curls was adorably child-like, the pink and white apple-blossom type that is so rare and so exquisitely beautiful. At first glance one would instantly place her as the petted idol of some rich man's home. A second glance would reveal the squareness of the firm little chin; the independent upward tilt of the small nose; the eyes that were calculating and a trifle cold. Just now the brown eyes were warm and tender for, as the train sped by, they had rested a brief moment on Margaret's familiar bungalow. The memory of it had stood out like an oasis in a desert of desolate years. On sped the train, past the Hincer Manufacturing Plant, past—there it was at last—the house on the hill! A brief glimpse of a big, gloomy, house—the house that once was hers; a bit of neglected lawn; and the train drifted down the hill to the station.

Rita Morrison pushed the rebellious brown curls from her face with a cool little smile of self-contempt. She was more moved than she had thought possible.

"Washington! Washington! All out for Washington!" sang the brakeman.

The fat drummer looked down at the red-haired man who shared his seat. "Well ta, ta, pardner! Here's where I get off. Don't envy you your trip to St. Louis, believe me! Too many washouts for yours truly! Looks like it's goin' to rain again. Gosh darn the luck! Will it ever stop?"

Rita's eyes idly followed the departing drummer. What caprice had led her to forsake the pullman for the day coach as

the train neared the Washington station? Suppose Larry dead-heading somewhere, should walk down the aisle. The thought sent a shivery thrill down her spinal column. She smiled ironically at it.

Five years! How long ago it seemed. After all she had attained what she had sought—freedom, success as an individual. Her body was well preserved; her mind keen and alert. If she had stayed with Larry and catered to his ever-varying moods, no doubt she would have been as worn and nerve-racked as the little woman approaching down the aisle.

Rita observed that the woman's clothes were neat and attractive; her face sweet and madonna-like. In her arms she carried a sleeping infant. Two sturdy little boys followed close at her heels.

The young mother hesitated by the seat in front of Rita. Their eyes met. Suddenly Rita's face went white.

"Margaret," she gasped.

"Rita! Is it possible?"

Mechanically Rita pulled Margaret down beside her. The little boys perched themselves on the seat in front and looked back, round-eyed and curious. For a moment Margaret was speechless, her face a battle ground on which various emotions waged war.

"Rita," she managed to say at last. "How could you? Five years and not a word! Where have you been all these years? Why did you leave Larry? Why didn't you write to me?"

Rita leaned over and patted her friend's hand. She was fighting an emotion the strength of which amazed her.

"Margaret, are these your children?" she evaded. "What a lovely baby! Is it a boy or a girl?"

Margaret looked with pride at the soft little bundle of helplessness in her arms.

"A girl. Yes, they are all mine; three of them in five years"—she smiled a little ruefully—"but they are well worth the struggle."

Rita marveled at Margaret's attitude, recognizing that quality in her that, even as a girl, had lifted Margaret Brown just a little bit above ordinary mortals.

Margaret's sons were inspecting Rita carefully; her eldest gravely and dispassionately, her youngest with round-eyed eagerness.

"Muvver!" the latter broke out, suddenly, "am her our wel-litive?" He pointed a chubby finger at Rita.

"No, dear, a life-long friend."

"How long is dat, muvver?"

"A long time, son. You and Rob look at the funny-paper,

dear." Then as he subsided obediently, "That is Charles, Rita. We hope to make a lawyer of him. Isn't Robert a big boy now? He is over five you know. Don't you think he is the very image of Rob?"

Rita looked at the grave little face and smiled. "Yes, he has his father's fair hair and eyes. How is Rob? Is he on passenger or preferred runs yet?"

"Neither, Rob is not running now. He has an official job—road foreman of engines with headquarters at Cincinnati. He has a good prospect of promotion soon."

"How lovely, Margaret! I am so glad for you," Rita heard herself say. All the while her brain was pondering the reason for this amazing fact. Vacillating, careless Rob Brown in a position of that kind! Five years ago everyone had conceded Larry to be the man for the place should a vacancy occur. What had become of Larry? She wanted so badly to ask, but pride locked her lips.

Suddenly Margaret leaned forward and scrutinized her friend's face. "Rita," she demanded sharply, "why these evasions? Not one question about Larry!" Margaret's eyes traveled from Rita's chic little Paris hat, to the expensive tailor-made suit, and back again to her friend's face. There was constraint in Margaret's voice as she faltered:

"Oh, Rita! You have married again!"

Rita laughed shortly. A hard glint crept into the brown eyes.

"No, Margaret," she answered coolly, "I owe no man for my finery. It is the result of the toil of my own hands, or brain. I have a Ladies' Shop in New York where I design gowns for the very wealthy. It has been very successful. I marry again? No. I leave that for Larry to do."

"As if he would! You are the one woman in all the world for Larry Morrison. Tell me, Rita, what was the trouble? Surely, you can trust me?"

Rita turned her proud face away. It was some moments before she spoke.

"Didn't Larry show you the letter I left him?"

"No, I am quite in the dark. Five years ago you and Larry seemed to be doing better than any of us railroad people. You were renting out your first home and paying for your big home on the hill. Apparently you were devoted to each other. It was a shock to everyone when you left him. The only thing Larry would say was that you wanted to be free to live your own life, and it was all his fault. What got into you, Rita?"

Rita Morrison's eyes followed a fellow-traveler, who was staggering down the aisle for water. From the woman's tousled

hair to her bedraggled skirt she was typical of all that dainty Rita Morrison disliked. It was some moments before she turned and met the beautifully sympathetic eyes of her friend.

A great longing to unburden her heart to Margaret bore down upon her like a rushing river. It beat upon the dam of pride and reserve she had builded for herself and found it to be strong indeed.

"What got into me? Discontent," she answered shortly. "I do not want to be a slave to any man. I want to live my own life."

"But Rita," Margaret protested, "you *can* live your own life. Marriage is not a slavery. It is a partnership."

Her friend's proud lips curled. "Partnership!" she cried bitterly. "I have heard that argument before. Margaret, after all your work for Bob, have you one penny you can really call your own? One penny for which you do not have to account to him?"

"Yes, now I have a regular amount each month for my personal expenses, Rita. But it was not always that way." Margaret smiled reminiscently. "However, I kept pegging away until we made that arrangement."

Rita's firm little chin squared itself. "I did not care to peg away," she observed quietly.

Margaret smiled serenely into the sleeping face of her child.

"It is worth it, Rita. After all, a great part of life is made up of concessions and forbearance. It does not pay to be a quitter."

"It is good to be free, Margaret. Freedom is a great gift."

"And are you happy with your freedom, Rita?"

Her friend's face underwent a subtle change. It was some moments before she replied.

"Happy? Why shouldn't I be happy? I have a beautiful apartment in New York, a limousine, a host of friends, and Madam Rita's salon of fashion is the most frequented place in New York."

There was something like pity for Rita in Margaret Brown's eyes. She pressed her sleeping child closer to her heart and looked down into its rosy baby face. "Money and things do not make happiness, Rita. If I didn't know you so well, I would say you were quite heartless. Not a single question have you asked me about Larry."

Rita's voice when she replied was carefully schooled to indifference.

"I suppose he is still on the road and the same old Larry?"

"Larry is the oldest man in the pool now. No, he is not the same. Somehow he has lost his old assurance and grip on life. He laid off so much to hunt for you that his reputation as

an engineer has suffered. He told me the other day that he had about come to the conclusion that you were in England with your Aunt Ellen, but he could not locate her or get word to her. He said at one time in his life he had lived only to accumulate money. Now that he knew the worthlessness of it, he lived only to find you."

"That is like Larry," commented Rita. "He was ever an extremist." In spite of herself, however, a faint color stole into her cheeks.

"Wheatland! Wheatland!" interrupted the brakeman. The train was slowing into a little station.

"Oh, muvver! muvver!! Him said 'Wheatland; Wheatland! We haf a dit off! Dis is danma's town. Dit yo' tap, Wob! Tuick! Hurry, muvver!'" Charles was dancing up and down in his excitement.

"Oh Rita," said Margaret hurriedly, "listen. Mother lives at Wheatland now. Come and get off with me. I cannot bear for you to go out of my life like this. Rob is there, now. They will be so glad to see you. Come Rita, please!"

Rita looked into Margaret's pleading eyes and slowly shook her head. "It is impossible, Margaret. I have a business appointment in St. Louis that cannot be postponed. Promise me you will not mention this meeting to Larry."

"I shall not do anything of the kind!" exclaimed Margaret, indignantly. "You are heartless! Oh, Rita, do you honestly think Larry altogether to blame? Were you not a little in fault?"

The baby awakened by the sudden noises stared wide-eyed up into Rita's face. Its rosy little face suddenly dimpled into a bewitching baby smile. Rita experienced a quick stirring of the heart at which she vaguely wondered.

"Yes, Margaret," she replied, quietly. "When we get older we see things differently. I was much at fault."

"Then come, Rita, and get off with me. We'll send for Larry. God alone knows how glad he'll be to see you."

Rita laughed a hard little laugh. "How ridiculous you are, Margaret! I do not care to part with my freedom. I have made more of a success of my life than Larry ever will of his."

Two red spots began to flame on Margaret's cheeks. "That is not true!" she flared hotly. "You have lost all your sense of values. You are a miserable failure! Not only that, but you have made Larry fail. In time he could have been superintendent of this road, if you hadn't been a quitter when he needed you most. Freedom may be 'a great gift,' but it is also a great loneliness," and gathering her children together Margaret hurried down the aisle. At the doorway, however, she looked back.

face flushed, eyes filled with tears. Her lips framed the words, "Write to me."

Rita nodded. More moved than she would confess even to her own heart, the miserable events of her married life began to flash like a panorama before her mental vision: the purchase of the house on the hill—a place far above their means; Larry's over-mastering passion to save money, to accumulate; the soul-crushing grind of making one dollar serve the purpose of two; the daily strain of her desperate effort to please her husband; his refusal to sell and his dogged determination to win out; his unreasonable exactions and irritability of temper under the strain of it; the daily grumbling and fault-finding that fell to her peace-loving lot; and, last of all, Mrs. Larhurt's suffragette speech, "The Great Gift," falling like a match into the powder can of long pent-up emotions and ambitions.

Again she was walking slowly homeward from that meeting, acutely conscious of her run-down heels and a three-year-old tailor-made. Larry had said there was no money for clothes that winter—the house was ruining for paint.

As she let herself into her big, spacious kitchen, Larry's familiar grip and bundle of soiled overalls loudly proclaimed his presence. He had worked in on number 88 and was at the dining room table poring over the bills. With a queer sinking of the heart, she realized it was pay-day.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, "silk—\$3.25."

"Why I made me a little blouse, Larry," she faltered, "I had to—my waists are all worn out."

He scowled. She looked down upon him as he sat going over, item for item, the month's bill. What a faculty he had, she thought bitterly, of making her feel like a thief. Their lives had narrowed down to nothing but money and bills. She felt that, struggle as she might, the net was slowly closing up around her. Like a trapped animal she stood at bay. A wild longing flamed up in her soul for freedom from it all. Freedom to live her life as she wished it to be lived. They quarreled long and bitterly.

The brakeman's voice, sharp and decisive, brought Rita's thoughts back to the present. "All aboard," he cried. The train was pulling out of the little station of Wheatland.

With a start Rita Morrison looked out the window for Margaret. A man, happy-eyed and eager was helping her friend and the children into a carriage. He stooped and kissed Margaret. She said something. He turned quickly, and looked toward the train. Why! it was Rob! A new Rob, self-assured, confident.

The train sped westward leaving their faces only a memory. Other memories crowded upon Rita as she sat. Like soldiers they stepped from out the army of her thoughts, and passed in

silent review before her: her flight; her two years struggle, alone in New York; her financial aid from Aunt Ellen, and the little shop as a result; the success of all her plans.

She a failure? What foolishness! She must invite Margaret up and have her see what a personage Madam Rita, the designer, was in New York. But Margaret had been right about the loneliness—it had been lonely.

The train lurched around a curve; the engine shrieked out a challenge to the gray sky.

Rita observed idly that it looked like rain. Strangely enough she could not drive the thought of Margaret's baby from her mind. A curious warmth enveloped her at thought of it. If she and Larry had not quarreled—

How faded and tired Margaret had looked! Poor girl! Yet when she thought of her friend in the years to come, Rita knew it would be of Margaret surrounded by her happy little family; of Margaret with her husband's arm about her waist.

Rita pictured her own journey's end. She smiled a little bitterly. No warm, loving greeting awaited her. Only a bunch of cool-headed business men, against whom she would match her woman's wit, and wrest a well-earned victory. And Larry had said he was to blame. He loved her still.

Here was the Vincennes station at last. Several persons got off, as many more got on, but still the train tarried. Rita glanced impatiently at her watch. Ten minutes past time now. What was the trouble?

Outside an excited conductor ran toward the engineer, wildly flashing some orders. A brakeman ran through the car. Passengers began to sit up and question. What was the trouble? No one seemed to know.

The red-haired man went out to investigate. He soon came back pale and agitated and bent over his wife.

"A bad wreck ahead," Rita heard him say, "washout in the Aliston Bottoms. Freight train went into the water. Engineer Morrison killed. We might as well get out of here. We'll have a long wait."

Rita clutched at his shoulder. "What was the name?" she broke in, "the engineer?"

The man turned and looked at her curiously. "Morrison. A fellow by the name of Morrison."

A mist swam before her eyes. She moistened her dry lips. Larry! Oh God, Larry!

Already the car was thinning. Mechanically she reached for her purse, beaten by an overwhelming sense of defeat. In that self-revealing moment she realized that back of all her

arrogant pride and hard selfishness had been the thought of a reconciliation—some day, somewhere with Larry.

"Too late! Too late!" puffed the engine. "Too late! Too late!" echoed the scurrying feet of the passengers. Somehow she found herself outside.

Larry dead! Surely it could not be. She, an engineer's wife, knew the false rumors circulating at such times. There had been an engineer on the road by the name of Morrison. A wild hope shook her. She clutched at the arm of a passerby.

"What was the name of the engineer that was killed?"

"Morrison. Fine fellow, they say. It's too bad, too bad!"

She walked blindly on. Somewhere there was a ladies' waiting room. She must sit down before her limbs refused to carry her.

Farther down the track on the siding which ran parallel with the station, a freight engine stood panting at the water crane. The fireman was taking water. The engineer, oil can in hand, was carefully inspecting his engine. Suddenly there was a loud outcry. The oil can fell to the ground.

Startled, Rita wiped the tears from her eyes and looked up. She groped blindly forward.

"Larry," she sobbed, "Larry!"

In an instant he was at her side, his steadying arms about her. The hurrying crowd passed by unheeded. They were alone in the universe together, for Knowledge had brushed them as she passed by, and they knew that love is the greatest gift of all.

Washington, Indiana



Photo by Leland B. Anderson.

Scene in the Uintahs

The Meaning of Education

By Dr. E. G. Peterson, President Utah Agricultural College

XII—Democracy Is Love of Justice

The world moves toward greater justice and equality of opportunity. Thousands of years have passed during which grave injustice has been practiced, first by the biggest physical autocrat, then by the biggest collective autocrat or tribe led by some more acute but not necessarily more righteous chief, then by the biggest national autocrat. The world has sometimes been ruled by forces which were not always just and decent. Higher qualities of intelligence or justice have often been unrecognized. The result is that very frequently truly great men and women have been crushed into the mire by other men who possessed inferior qualities but whose qualities because of the peculiarities of the time have entitled them to leadership and power. Often such quality has been only the very gross one of brute force or combativeness coupled with certain mental subtlety or astuteness or political adroitness. Indeed pure bluff and loudness have played their part in the world.

The result of all this, coupled with the people's lack of education and lack of knowledge of means to reform conditions, and indeed often lack of morality and a clear perception of ideals and unity of purpose, has been to force to the lower strata of society much of the finest blood of the race. Under such a degree of righteousness as we in America or they in England or elsewhere have been able to make a part of our public law and government, we have seen the wonderful potency of our often so-called lower classes. Indeed from here come in large measure our religious leaders, our artists, our industrial and financial figures, our statesmen, our philosophers, our inventors, our great teachers, our organizing geniuses and our business leaders. It is now quite clearly understood that great intellectual and moral qualities such as produce true leadership are inherited. These qualities do not arise spontaneously out of the slums or elsewhere as life itself does not arise spontaneously from the slime, as it was once supposed to do. Such qualities pass from parent to child. As a great Percheron was never foaled by an Indian pony so a great quality of mind or soul never came from inferior parentage. Such qualities exist in the parent or they would not exist in the child. They have come down through all the ages, latent in many cases, because they were oppressed by a social system which prevented their expression. To be sure, powerful

qualities of mind and character tend to become accented or weakened by fortuitous or deleterious intermarriage. But through all the haphazardness of history, wonderful qualities of mind and soul have persisted and under the measure of our modern enlightenment are coming to an expression of their power so long hid.

This is the meaning of modern democracy; this is the irresistible force which was turned loose in the world when power was taken from the often corrupt or unwise or weak few and lodged with the partially enlightened many. To be sure, often leadership in the past has been just, wise and strong, resulting in often great strides forward in achievement. But in many cases power by accident fell to the unworthy. Such being true and abuse being so common in all the world and throughout all time, it becomes obvious that reform will never halt, except for ways and means, until justice searches out the last ragged body that lurks in the unclean alleys of our civilization. A frightful awakening awaits the man of power who thinks that the world will settle back into easy forgetfulness of those underneath who yearn for simple recognition and justice. The millions of clean mothers whose hands caress their growing young and whose eyes search heaven for an answer to their world old prayer that justice may be given those whom they have brought into the world—this is one of the most powerful things in the world today, transcending the power of wealth, of position and of dynasty. It is the thing which spurs lawmakers on, it is the thing which puts power into the arm of every worker for more justice. Just sympathy for the oppressed is the moving force of the world. The world's love of justice and its determination to be fair to every worthy man and woman—this impulse is strong beyond calculation.

There are men and there are associations of men who crave the breaking of law, who love anarchy and disorder. Such would use the world's love of fairness and justice to disorganize responsible government. They cry for reform but they only seek license. They abhor restraint which is a high attribute of men and governments and a quality without which justice cannot be practiced. They do not seek those careful measures of law and education which more and more restore rights to men and increase opportunities for development. These are not thankful for the great structure of righteous government which we now have. They would not husband and guard this as a blessing of God. Rather would they destroy it. Such citizens are dangerous elements in any community.

It has been true that to a degree modern higher education has produced many who have become extremists in our social life. The universities and colleges, which have become too

highly intellectualized, proportionately at least, at the expense of moral and spiritual sanity, have bred to a certain degree agnosticism, so-called higher criticism, materialism, socialistic extremes and advocates either direct or indirect of personal and social practices of doubtful wisdom. To be sure, the main output of the colleges has been good, consisting of hard working young men and women who loved truth and sought to live honorably.

But the main impulse of the world toward higher justice disregards these camp followers who seek to capitalize good motives to bad ends. The world moves slowly, painstakingly toward its higher goal. Men only wait for means to go forward. Righteousness is the goal; but society has difficulty in finding the proper measures of righteousness. Yet it always goes forward; the light grows stronger. The recognition of truth and of the means of making truth a practice in the lives of individuals and in the affairs of nations—this will be some day an accomplishment.

Logan, Utah.



© Underwood & Underwood, New York

AMERICANS WITHIN GUN RANGE OF METZ

When the British enter St. Quentin, and gazing eastward from one of the hills, this is the sight, Metz, the strongly fortified city of Lorraine, that will meet their eyes. The Americans are within gun range of the city, and are constantly advancing under fire of the enemy.

It was here that Marshal Bazaine of the French army surrendered to King William of Prussia, in 1870, but 1918 is likely to see the reverse of that surrender.

A Trapper's Adventure

By Claude T. Barnes

In a delightful, balsam-embowered glade of the Wasatch mountains there once lived a trapper by the name of Terwill, a rugged, kindly mannered man, who, despite his sixty years and medium build, possessed such physical strength and endurance that his powers in this respect were commented upon generally among those who knew him. A feat he readily accomplished with a quiet pride in the fact that no one else could do it, consisted in stretching himself out flat on the floor on his stomach with his arms extended to their limit ahead, and then with a fifty-pound sack of flour on his back, actually raising his body eight inches or more on his fingers and toes. This astonishing strength had resulted from years of the most arduous exercise over the steep hills and in the dense forest that constituted his home.

It was a mild and invigorating morning in November when Terwill slung his traps over his shoulders and meandered through the gloomy balsams to a willow-fringed brook, which had long been noted for its many beaver dams. Some of the deciduous trees he passed were stripped, others still covered with gorgeous autumnal foliage; save for the occasional cheeping of newly arrived winter visitors the birds were silent; and there was scarcely a sign of wild life among the oak copses of the lower hillsides. Here and there late flowers beautified the woodland pathway, but even more pleasing than these to Terwill's mind was the rustle of the carpet of crisp leaves underfoot.

Terwill carried a single shot rifle of .22 calibre, this weapon being light and yet of sufficient power to dispatch any animal that his traps could hold; moreover, Terwill's fearlessness, coupled with the increasing shyness of all large wild mammals, combined to make his sense of security so complete that he seldom gave a thought to the possibilities of danger. Any man who with a single-barreled shotgun has deliberately stalked a grizzly, met its onrush at a distance of a few feet and almost blown its head off with bird shot, is not inclined thereafter to notice dangers that would intimidate the ordinary woodsman; and far back in the 70's Terwill had, to the wonder of an entire encampment, accomplished just such an exploit.

Minks, otters, beavers, martens, kit foxes, red foxes, coyotes, skunke, muskrats, and wild cats, occupied most of Terwill's time

and were his chief means of subsistence, his cabin each spring being almost covered with the drying pelts of these creatures. One year he had trapped a black fox which, being merely a color phase of the red fox, sometimes appears in the Wasatch; and the thousand dollars he received for this rarity had meant independence for several seasons.

As he meandered the creek this particular morning he carefully set his traps at several beaver dams, always in such a manner that when the victim should be caught its struggles would unfasten a weight which would pull it into the water and drown it, for, he it observed in passing, a trapped beaver is liable to gnaw its own leg off unless prevented by some foresight of the woodsman. He twisted through labyrinthine growths for mink trails beside the murmuring water, giving but a furtive parting glance at each site to lead him thither on his next visitation.

Finally, all of his traps being set, he clambered up through groves of solemn pines bethinking himself that he would make a detour down the canyon slopes and thus perchance happen upon some late service berries or at least some diversion of interest to his lonely life. Two days prior to this he had come upon a dead white-tailed buck mauled into a grove of quaking aspens and so battered, hooked and torn that Terwill's quick eyes at once detected the result of a gruesome battle between two forest rivals the victor of whom had not left his victim until every sign of life had ebbed away. This, too, was the rutting season of the larger mule deer; and he expected almost any time to hear the crashing of horns, the stamping of feet and other sounds that invariably accompanied conflicts between the maddened bucks.

As he walked, the only wild things that appeared were a gray ruffed grouse, a golden eagle wheeling the blue above, a Clark nutcracker and a few juncos. As he emerged, however, upon a glade of grassy loveliness, a slight movement on its other side at once halted him; in an instant he discerned the object to be a mule deer buck almost hidden by a handsome blue spruce tree. Hot with the fire of recent battles the animal stared at him as if half expecting an encounter with a new rival. This instant of hesitation, however, proved its undoing, for as it turned to flee, Terwill fired; and to his surprise it dropped as if a stone and lay perfectly still.

With a smile of satisfaction, Terwill crossed the green and approached his prize. He casually leaned his gun upon a handy bough and was just in the act of lifting the buck's head by its antlers when to his consternation the animal instantly sprang to its feet and with rage in its eyes was upon him determined to gore him with its battle-ried tines. Like a flash the situation dawned upon Terwill; the head shot had merely stunned the deer and now for his own over-confidence a horrid death was

perilously imminent. Here again the alert woodcraft of the old hunter manifested itself, for the second Terwill felt the animal rise his quick perception told him not to release his hold of the horns. The effort was, nevertheless, a trying one, for, as the buck whirled, the muscles of Terwill's right arm rose in great knots and the cords pressed the skin as if so many wires. Round and round the agonized beast tore, dragging Terwill in a frenzied effort to release its head and jerking his one hundred seventy pounds weight over young quaking aspens as if he were a sack of shavings.

After a moment or so of this fierce rearing, twisting and turning, the disconcerted buck stopped, protruded its tongue and breathed heavily. With the slightest movement, however, on the part of Terwill, who could think of no possible escape save by the use of his heavy pocketknife (unfortunately closed and in his pocket), the infuriated deer turned, this time not away from, but towards the trapper at its side. Aghast at his peril, Terwill grasped the other beam with his left hand, his alacrity barely saving him from the vicious thrust of the sharp antlers. There the combatants tussled, Terwill at the buck's right side, holding its right antler firmly with his right hand, the left with his left; but the unfortunate man soon realized that he could not long thus protect himself, as with the new position his wiry antagonist dragged him about at will. The furious buck, however, constantly endeavored to turn for a fatal jab; and Terwill several times had his chin nearly impaled on the tip points.

Just at this instant when Terwill felt his strength waning it dawned on him that his only hope lay in twisting his victim's neck after the manner of the cowboys. Perspiration dripped into his eyes and he could hardly see under the terrible strain, yet he pulled with his left arm and pushed with his right with that fighting expression the boys had always noted in his face when he was bending spikes with his bare hands. Slowly the buck's neck twisted, the animal's tongue stuck out further and its breathing became jerky and labored; Terwill applied every atom of strength; and then at last he realized that either the neck must break or his victim fall. Little by little the buck gave way to the pain; and then suddenly began to fall directly upon its relentless enemy. Anticipating this movement, Terwill sprang to the front with the quickness of a cat, never for an instant releasing his hold, but on the contrary maintaining the twist as the deer fell. With a spring he pressed the buck's muzzle with his knee forcing its head against its shoulder; and then while still holding with his left hand he reached quickly into his pocket with his right and withdrew his pocketknife. While the animal struggled he held the knife with his teeth as he opened

the blade. Then with a few quick slashes over the tensely drawn neck of his victim he severed its jugular vein. He watched the fire slowly dim in the valiant buck's eyes and then as their accustomed mildness came over them, this strong man of the woods himself could hardly withhold a tear, for no one with a heart can see the dying eyes of a deer without being touched thereby.

When the animal's strength had waned so that Terwill could release his hold he cut the other vein and soon thereafter saw the poor thing's sufferings cease. Terwill, now that all danger was past, sank back exhausted on the grass where for some minutes he lay as helpless as a babe.

After a time he arose, eviscerated the buck, fastened its severed head to his shoulders, and picking up his gun, trudged on down the canyon.

Now as he sits alone in his cabin, when the night winds send the snow moaning through the pines, he occasionally looks at that mounted head, the soft eyes of which truly recall the mild light of the live ones, and pledges himself never again to take the life of a deer except when driven thereto by the pangs of hunger.



British Official Photo. © Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ONE OF THE GIANT BRITISH GUNS

One of the giant British guns which are dropping shells daily into the German lines, and which have been instrumental in smashing through the Hindenburg line.

Alfalfa Seed Supremacy in Utah

(Prepared Especially for the *Improvement Era*)

By J. Cecil Alter, Meteorologist, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau

When alfalfa, as a scrawny slow-starting youth in quest of a domicile, stole its way from Spanish origin into Utah in the middle fifties, a discernment almost divine was necessary to see in it a savior. The "Mormon" pioneers were, however, accustomed to rescuing the stones of opportunity which other builders had rejected, and alfalfa was builded into the head of the corner of Utah agriculture.

Foster-mothered and partially reared in Utah, this orphan of much enterprise and adaptability went forth through the lands of the United States like "the smile of the Great Spirit," until today there are more than 6,000,000 acres, yielding nearly 25,000,000 tons, annually, or one-fourth the entire tame hay crop of the realm.

Meanwhile Utah, the foster-mother of what is one of agriculture's greatest offspring, appropriately takes her place as producer of the world's finest alfalfa seed; and with her 50,000 to 60,000 bushels annually, or one-fifth of the entire seed crop of the United States, and one-seventh of the needs of the country, she not only stands at the head of the list of seed producing states, but receives back into her lap from this generous and prosperous offspring nearly \$500,000 a year for seed alone, as a sort of dowry.

Alfalfa seed as an incidental crop for domestic needs was grown here and there in Utah for fifteen or twenty years after the plant was introduced into the state, during which time the pioneers learned much of the peculiar soil and climatic needs of this supposedly fickle crop, and they gradually learned to produce the seed in certain localities as an important if not a major crop. It was not, however, until the early seventies that the seed began to appear with some boldness on the market like any other crop, demanding little more than \$3 a bushel, though many years previously, in times of dearth, it had sold for many times this price, the offer being governed by the need.

By the middle eighties Colorado had become fairly well seeded to alfalfa, and in another decade it had become general in Kansas, Nebraska, and other plains territory, every stockman welcoming the wonderful new feed, not daring to question the



At left, ripe seed in shrunken brown burrs; middle, yellow burrs, turning ripe, in which seed would ripen from stems if cut prior to a frost; left, green burrs with fragments of blossom still clinging. Seed well set; would grow if harvested.

claim by one authority that it is the "grass" which Nebuchadnezzar ate and grew fat upon. Even in 1890 the price was only about \$4 or \$5 a bushel.

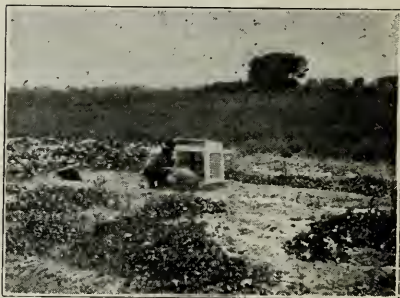


Dry farm alfalfa seed, central Milard county, being gathered with common mowing machine with hand-bunching attachment. This land yields \$20 to \$30 in seed, but would be of little use for other crops.

With the onward march of the crop across the prairies into the Mississippi valley, and then the far east and south, other states began to raise alfalfa seed, particularly Kansas, Nebraska, California, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Colorado, following Utah in quantity of production about in the order named. Utah growers, to maintain their ascendancy began then to take better care of their crops, their market, and their seed prestige.

The growth of the use of alfalfa was so rapid that in spite of large importations of an inferior seed at a low price usually, from Turkestan, Persia, Russia, Hungary and Chili, the price of seed crept comfortably upward until at the outbreak of the world war the average price received by the growers of the United States was about \$6.90 a bushel. In one or two previous seasons it had reached about \$8.25, owing to local crop failures.

In the past four years importations have gone downward, largely by the submarine route, and partly because of an energetic propaganda in America for better seed, to about 50 per cent of the pre-war amounts. Meanwhile the price grew better, reaching \$10.30, according to the U. S. Bureau of Crop Estimates, on July 15, 1916. Then a propaganda for wheat ground, and a good seed year, in combination caused a slight sag in the average United States price curve, but it is still (July 15, 1918, government data) around \$9.70 a bushel, and the demand for good seed, especially Utah seed, was never better.



View on seed farm of Mr. S. W. Western, of Deseret, Utah. Mr. Western cooperates with the U. S. weather bureau in studying weather conditions in the seed fields.

Several government authorities have spoken and written of the superiority of the Utah seed, and of the desirability of planting alfalfa seed grown under such conditions as obtained in Utah. The Utah soil and climate conditions have not only apparently combined most of the favorable elements of those of the countries where the plant originated, but through thrifty methods of crop selection, careful culture, intelligent management, and an eternal vigilance for purity and superiority, the Utah growers have produced a seed with more vigor and vitality, freer from impurities such as dodder, yellow trefoil, burr clover, noxious weeds, and other adulterants, that are so troublesome elsewhere. Thus there is very good reason for the statement of Mr. Joseph E. Wing, perhaps the world's greatest authority on alfalfa (*Alfalfa Farming in America*) that "From Utah seed nearly the whole west has been planted."

The average yield of seed, where grown commercially, is around seven bushels per acre, though much larger yields are on record, the record probably

being 19 bushels per acre reported from Millard county. Some phenomenal returns have been reported in good seed years. Mr. Jacob C. Hawley, of Oasis, received \$9,000 for the seed from 90 acres one year; Mr. Samuel W. Western, of Deseret, received \$2,600 from 19 acres one year; Mr. Henry Huff, of Oasis, received \$2,500 from 19 acres one year; Mr. Chris Overson, of Leamington, received \$7,500 from 55 acres; and yields of \$100 per acre are common in the Mills, Juab county, district; and such records have been duplicated in favorable years in other districts.



Mr. S. W. Western, of Deseret, Utah,
in one of his prize fields.

The climate is probably the limiting factor in seed production in all countries, the general requirement being a moderately warm wet spring, and a hot dry summer with a freedom from early autumn frosts. Utah doubtless owes her superiority more to climate than any other favoring influence, unless it be the soil.

Certain weather conditions seem to favor the attacks of the weevil and of grasshoppers; in a number of Utah seed regions, of greater altitude, the first crop of the season cannot safely be saved for seed because of the danger of a late spring frost, while

at the same time if the first crop is left to make a fair amount of hay the following seed crop will be forced dangerously near the average autumn frosts, to which the seed while unripe is especially sensitive.

A rainy summer is very detrimental in forcing much plant growth and little seed setting, and the blooms and the seed appear unevenly and irregularly, an influence that is also felt in



The seed crop is cut with a self-rake reaper sometimes, and left in bunches in the field to dry. Views at Mills, Utah.

cool cloudy summers; this is apt to be hay weather not seed weather. And though the entire summer may be highly favorable to seed, a brief rainy period right at the blossom time will wash away the pollen and render the necessary work of bees and other insects less effective in the fertilizing process.

A very light frost will mark some seed in the unripe burrs or pods, and a temperature of 26 or 28 degrees will blacken and shrivel large quantities of seed in the yellow and green burrs. Seed in the brown burrs is usually out of the way of frost. The frost marking is detrimental to the market value though not seriously harmful to its germination. The only relief from frost is to cut the seed bearing the most brown and yellow burrs before the frost, as these will be protected largely in the swath when the frost comes.

"There is a great temptation to take a chance with the frost sometimes," says Mr. George McCune, of Mills, Juab county, "because our fields are adding hundreds of pounds of weight in seed a day; besides, the seed that is cut a little green is smaller, lighter and less desirable in color. Hence we always keep a close watch on the weather forecasts."

"I have learned this about selling seed, too," added Mr. McCune. "The weather in my fields may have favored the production of a big crop, and I may have it in the sack, but before I am ready to sell I want to know what kind of weather they have had for their crops in Kansas and Nebraska."

Perhaps next in importance to climate is a peculiar soil requirement, which appears to be amply satisfied in Utah as it is in few other states.



Alfalfa for hay requires a deep, rich soil, showing considerable lime, while alfalfa for seed requires a sad sort of adobe or clay soil, rich in moist minerals, but deficient in humus, possibly carrying a little alkali and having no great depth to the ground water table. For this reason we find the alfalfa seed fields skirting the older agricultural regions as a rule.

The sweet clover along the ditches yields good seed crops.

For many reasons one region will produce abundantly while in the same year a neighboring district will fail to yield. Thus a number of writers have issued a caution against the seed business, in spite of the extreme attractiveness of the profits in favorable years. The prospects are always precarious until the seed is in the bag. In 1917 a great many fields originally intended for seed were watered and cut for hay because of the high price of hay; this year the grasshoppers have eaten much seed in the burr.

An average annual yield in Utah, based on the United States census, shipping records, and data from leading buyers, is between 85 and 100 carloads, minimum weight 30,000 pounds, or 500 bushels each. The seed originates about as follows for the average of several years; Millard county 30 to 40 cars, Juab 8

cars, Sanpete 9 cars, Emery 9 cars, Box Elder and Cache 7 cars, Beaver 5 cars, and one or two each from Duchesne, Uintah, San Juan, Sevier and Utah counties.



Alfalfa seed field near Hinckley, Utah.

Last year 105 threshers reported seed jobs in the state, reporting to the United States Bureau of Crop Estimates, being practically all the machines in the state, indicating that other counties doubtless yield some seed. In all there are about 1,000 or 1,250 farmers raising seed, the acreage averaging between 13,000 and 15,000 acres, according to the best data available.

Some of the present seed fields have become such by reason of a rise in the alkali, being formerly good fields for general crops. However, on many of these, the seed brings better returns than the hay and grain did formerly; but unless protected by drainage from much further alkali encroachments, these lands must finally cease to produce even seed.

This condition is perhaps most apparent in the Oasis district, Millard county, though here the same enterprise that reclaimed the original lands, is laying some of the state's most extensive drainage plans, and there is every prospect that Millard county will continue to be the hub of the world's alfalfa seed lands.

The production of seed of a high quality does not depend entirely upon recleaning and grading methods in the opinion of Mr. S. W. Western, of Deseret, Millard county.

"Careful screening and fanning will remove many withered alfalfa seed, and weed seeds," says Mr. Western, "but the process is expensive; it is far easier to remove the weeds and other plants from the fields before their seed get ripe; and if the alfalfa seed crop is let stand until from two-thirds to three-fourths of the seed pods have turned brown, there will be a minimum of underweight and off-color seed."

That encouraging and saving provision of nature which guards against the destruction of any of her creations is strongly manifested in the setting of alfalfa seed in great abundance when the plants are undergoing a certain amount of stress of soil or weather conditions. Moreover the puny alfalfa plant will bring forth seed of the highest quality as a rule, the effect of its vicissi-

tudes reacting, like hardships and self-denials in the experience of human beings which bring out superior traits of character. And as the strenuous life of the pioneers has brought forth a superior citizenship, and a character refined in the fire of experience, so does this wandering youth, alfalfa, inured to hardships and acquainted with grief, burst forth in its maturity manifesting almost the perfection of its Creator.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Oldest Ward Clerk in the Church

By Victor E. Madsen, Editor "Box Elder News"

Elder Lars J. Halling of Mantua, Box Elder county, Utah, undoubtedly has the honor of being the oldest ward clerk in the Church; in point of service, if not in years, also.

Born on the island of Feio, Denmark, February 18, 1840, he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, January 23, 1855, immediately sent on a mission to Lolland and Falster, and was appointed clerk of that conference, traveling from branch to branch to assist in keeping the records in order.

Emigrating to America in the fall of 1855, with his father and mother, brother and family, he landed in New York on February 16, 1856. The company was in charge of the late President Knute Petersen, of Sanpete. The journey west was continued by rail to Alton, Ill., where the emigrants took steamer for St. Louis, remaining there until spring, when they continued on to Florence, to be outfitted



Lars J. Halling, Oldest Ward Clerk in the Church

for the journey across the plains. Mr. Halling's father died at Florence, June 27, 1856, being buried the same day. On the following morning, the family began the journey across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake City on the 20th day of September. The family went on to Brigham City, but Lars started back to Fort Bridger, 113 miles, to get an ox that had strayed while the company was camped there. He walked the entire distance, and was successful in finding the ox. He then returned to Salt Lake City with one of the hand cart companies, arriving in the Valley early in October, and continuing to Brigham City. He participated in the move south, in 1858, traveling as far as Fort Ephraim where he remained until fall then returned to Brigham City. During the summer of 1861-2, he went with ox-team back to the Missouri river, to assist the poor emigrants across the plains.

In the spring of 1863, Mr. Halling and wife removed from Brigham City to Mantua where he has since resided. In 1865 he was appointed clerk of the Mantua branch, serving until September 9, 1877. When the ward was organized that year, he was chosen ward clerk a position he has held continuously ever since. Mr. Halling is a beautiful penman, and despite his years, writes a splendid hand today. His ward records are the last word in neatness and accuracy. He has served, at various periods, as recorder for the Logan temple, and done much vicarious work for his dead kindred, having a genealogical record containing 2,800 names. Elder Halling has been married twice, and has eight children by his first wife, and eight children by his second wife. One of his sons, Elder Wilford Halling, is now the second counselor in the Mantua bishopric, and his youngest daughter is at present filling a mission in the Western States Mission.

This information of this good man was obtained after much importuning, since he is a very modest character and shies at publicity. His record is so unique, however, that I feel it will be of interest to readers of the *Era*. Elder Halling is at his post at every meeting in the Mantua ward, where his presence is required. He has outlived four bishoprics, is one of the pioneers of the town, and a most splendid character. His active service as ward clerk, extends over a period of 53 years.

Brigham City, Utah

Break your Shackles and be Free

By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

There are two classes of slaves who make little or no effort to become free: (1) those who were born into serfdom, who know no better state and consequently accept their lot as the natural and unchangeable order; and (2) those who, though realizing their abject status, are deterred through fear and cowardice, or are too lazy to try to better their condition.

The first class arouses pity, the second, contempt.

Then there are others, to whom servitude is galling, but who bear their chains in silent anguish, because they know not how to rid themselves. Of these some have had slavery thrust upon them while others have sold themselves into thralldom.

These generalizations apply to national, community, and individual enslavement, and to political, moral and spiritual bondage.

We affirm that freedom and individual agency are man's birthright; and, consequently, that any attempt to subvert or destroy the same is antagonistic to the Divine purpose and law.

Right is the result of harmony with the law of God; wrong is the violation thereof and therefore the fruitage of sin.

Righteousness leads to freedom, sin to bondage. This truth is embodied in the Master's comprehensive precept: "*Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.*" (John 8:34).

The occasion of this profound utterance is memorable. Christ was preaching to the people when a motley crowd of Pharisees and others challenged his words and essayed to dispute the Lord's authority to teach. He denounced wickedness, and pictured its inevitable consequences of suffering and servitude in mortality and beyond.

"Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John 8:31, 32).

At these words, so rich in blessing, so full of comfort for the believing soul, the rabble was stirred to angry demonstration. The promise of freedom implied that they were not already free. "We be Abraham's seed," they retorted, "and were never in bondage to any man." In their fanatical fury they had forgotten the Egyptian servitude, and the Babylonian captivity, and were oblivious of their then existing state of vassalage to Rome.

Jesus made it clear that he had not referred to freedom in its physical or political sense alone, though to this conception their false disavowal had been directed. The liberty he specif-

ically proclaimed was spiritual liberty; the grievous bondage from which he would emancipate them was the serfdom of sin; albeit their state of national subjugation was the direct and predicted consequence of their transgressions.

Verily the truth shall make men free!

As men open their hearts to the truth concerning the existence and attributes of a personal God, the veritable Father of spirits; and to the actuality of Christ's status as the Firstborn of those spirits, the Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh, the foreordained Savior and Redeemer of the race, and the Author of the one and only plan of salvation, they are freed from the degrading and benighting servitude of false doctrines, and from the enslavement due to the dogmas of men which proclaim as effective the means devised by human unwisdom.

What of the millions now groaning under the tyranny of autocracy because, born and cradled in slavery, they know not the exalting truth of the equal rights of men, and in their pitiable ignorance regard their self-constituted masters as supermen, whose right it is to rule?

Much of the slavery of today is due to a combination of ignorance and laziness. Many are content to leave their spiritual salvation in the hands of pastors and priests, unaware of the solemn fact of their own individual responsibility. We who have proved the virtues of democracy look with sad sympathy upon the serfs of autocrats. But our freedom entails obligation.

Mosiah, the last of the Nephite kings and a righteous ruler, king in name but who called and treated the people as his brethren, urged that the monarchy be made to die with him, and that thereafter the nation elect its rulers by "the voice of the people." He fired the masses to action by proclaiming the truth of their ability and right to govern themselves. Having depicted the ills of kingly rule, he continued:

"Therefore choose you by the voice of this people, judges, that ye may be judged according to the laws which have been given you by our fathers, which are correct, and which were given them by the hand of the Lord. Now it is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right; but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right; therefore this shall ye observe, and make it your law to do your business by the voice of the people. And if the time comes that the voice of the people doth choose iniquity, then is the time that the judgments of God will come upon you, yea, then is the time he will visit you with great destruction even as he has hitherto visited this land." (Book of Mormon, Mosiah 29:25-27.)

It is pleasing to note that the people heeded this wise counsel, elected their own officers, and prospered in liberty.

The Halloween Party

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

Would the Halloween party decide whether Gwinevere Dalton would marry Fred Bright or George Paul? People thought that it would.

Both men were far gone and would force a decision before long. Yet each showed it in different ways. Bright sent flowers and bon bons, escorted Miss Dalton to the theatre, spent long evenings in the Dalton sitting room playing the victrola, and neglected his college work. Young Paul, it was reported, did not sleep at night and took long rides alone gloomily over the mesa.

The two men were direct opposites. Fred was clever, polished, an entertaining talker. George was rough, primeval, silent. Fred was untried yet, having gone to school all his life; George had taken charge of his father's cattle ranch. The town folks wondered which Gwinevere, with her flower-like face and butterfly ways, would choose. Speculation ran high.

It was hinted that there would be a game at the party, following out a Halloween superstition, by which a girl lights a candle in front of a mirror, and sees the face of her future husband over her left shoulder. Perhaps Gwinevere would contrive to have the man she meant to marry so placed that she would see *him* over her left shoulder.

On the eve of All Saints' Day, when goblins are supposed to walk abroad, the southern moon, as big as a dishpan poured its glory on the scene and disclosed white-clad figures approaching the Dalton house. These "ghosts," draped in sheets, ascended a ladder and gained entrance through French doors in the second story. Thence they descended the staircase to the dark hall, whose only illumination was from the dim light in the "Witches' Cavern," at one end of it.

This cave was constructed entirely of pine boughs which Gwinevere and George had obtained up the "wash" the day before. Sitting her horse easily while George climbed the trees, she had marveled at his strength while he tore the branches from the trees with his muscular arms. Then he tied the limbs to the pommels of the saddles.

"We will look like Birnam's wood come to town," she laughed.

On the way back they passed a lone cedar tree on the prairie. While their horses stood very close together he plucked a bit of it and fastened it in his gray flannel shirt over his heart.

"It means, 'I live for thee,'" he murmured.

But, of course, the guests knew nothing of that. They filed

into the sitting room, and when they were all assembled, a prize was given to a very tall ghost for the best costume. The prize was brought in in a gunny-sack. It proved to be a black cat which promptly scratched its new master and jumped out of the window.

The guests then doffed their uniforms and played charades. Gwinevere, with her glinting curls and exquisite coloring, looked like a Dresden china-shepherdess come to life. She wore blue asters against her pink dress, and Fred noticed with exultation that they were caught with the silver butterfly that he had given her. The young people divided into two parties. Half of them went into the adjoining room to conspire together. Presently the folding doors opened and Lucy Dolliver on the arm of big Jim Anderson walked in. She wore a window curtain draped down her back. Fred stepped up and struck her on the back. That she was a "bride" the other side guessed, but the rest of it they couldn't get. Finally they gave it up.

The Bride of Lammermoor, their opponents announced, with a laugh.

The girls then stayed in the drawing room, the boys in the sitting room and amused themselves scooping the insides out of red apples and cutting grotesque faces in them. Each girl was taken out separately, and introduced into a dark closet where she lighted a candle on a dressing table, then looked expectantly into the mirror.

In the meantime one of the boys had been smuggled in behind a curtain so his head rose above it and was reflected in the mirror over the girl's left shoulder. Many were the queer combinations and much the hilarity that resulted. Some of them worked out all right, of course. Little Elsie Higgins beheld the moon face of Andrew Jones beaming at her bashfully. Billy Pifkins, who didn't have a girl, lamented loudly that a married woman had been rung in on him.

"No, and you hadn't better let her husband know you've been posing over her left shoulder, either," joshed Allen Dale. When Jen Earl beheld the visage of lanky Jim Anderson, with its protruding ears, over her shoulder she got so excited that she kicked the curtain.

Most of the girls had beheld their fate when Gwinevere, true to Halloween custom, brought in a pan of raisins burning in a blue alcohol flame. The young folks scrambled to seize the raisins from the fire. The flame burst up in Miss Dalton's face and fearing for her hair she set the pan hastily in the middle of the table. The blue tongues shot upward. Though the alcohol flame was not particularly dangerous in itself, it set fire to a mass of artificial foliage draped from the chandelier. It went up in a roaring blaze. Pandemonium broke loose. Most of the

guests rushed pell mell into the next room. Others stood paralyzed. Gwinevere gazed upward in horror. Mrs. Dalton ran in from the kitchen, gave one look at the pillar of fire reaching the ceiling, and shrieked.

In an instant George had whipped off his coat, jumped on a chair and beat the flames blow after blow with his outer garment. The chandelier rocked as if the whole thing would come smashing down. The fire gave way, and clouds of smoke floated out to choke the guests. Finally the flames died out and George pulled down the smouldering debris with his bare hands.

A sigh of relief went round, and doors and windows were opened to let out the rolling clouds of smoke. The center of the ceiling was black showing that the fire had already gained a foothold in the entrails of the house. The hostess, breathing a great thankfulness that no more damage was done, called her guests to supper.

The dining room was a symphony in gold and russet. The lights were candles set in grinning pumpkin heads. The decorations were bronze chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. The salad snuggled in green pepper cups and jelly trembled on blackberry leaves. Fruit baskets of yellow pumpkins upheld golden oranges and belated grapes. Chicken, sweet potato pie, and the comforting aroma of hot chocolate, made the guests forget the recent ordeal they had passed through.

Gwinevere sat by Fred and talked gaily to him while George watched her with hurt eyes across the table. His coat was scorched, his hands burned, but he had refused to allow them to be dressed. His eyes haunted Gwinevere. She could not bear to meet them. So she looked down at her plate and gave preoccupied answers to Fred's sallies of wit.

"Whom did Gwin see in the mirror tonight?" asked Jean of her supper partner.

"Nobody. She didn't go in."

"Well, it looks as if George has a sore heart as well as a sore hand. After all his hero act, too."

Immediately after supper, George took his departure. As he went out the front door he heard his name faintly called from the back of the hall. He re-entered. Then the faint scent of lilacs that he knew so well assailed him.

"I have something for you." She came toward him.

"Gwinevere." His heart stood still.

"It—it is just a bit of cedar—which means 'I live for thee.'"

George reached out for the hand that held it.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. Then as the full force of what it meant came to him, trembling, as only a strong man can tremble, when the gift of the world is laid at his feet—he drew her toward him!

The Loyal Sons of Utah

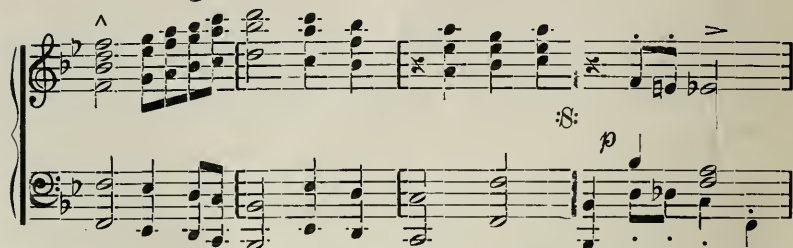
WORDS BY WILLIAM A. MORTON.

MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.

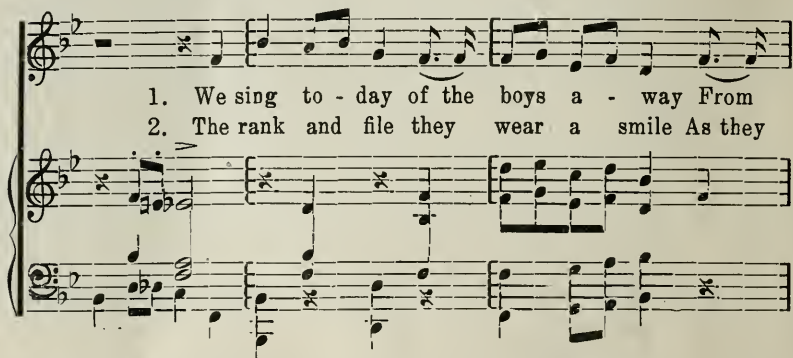


ff
Maestoso.
Met. ♩=100.

The first system of the piano introduction features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The treble staff begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and a *Maestoso* tempo marking, with a metronome indication of 100 beats per minute. The music consists of chords and single notes, with some notes marked with accents (^).

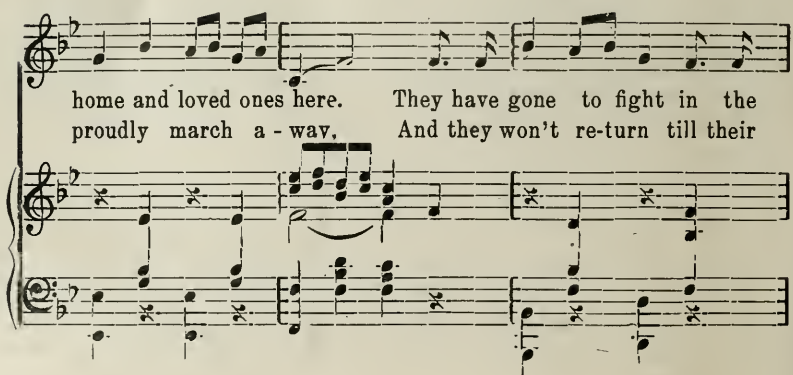


The second system continues the piano introduction. It includes a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The music continues with chords and single notes, maintaining the *Maestoso* tempo.



1. We sing to - day of the boys a - way From
2. The rank and file they wear a smile As they

The third system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody. The treble staff has the vocal line, and the bass staff has the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



home and loved ones here. They have gone to fight in the
proudly march a - way. And they won't re-turn till their

The fourth system contains the third and fourth lines of the vocal melody. The treble staff has the vocal line, and the bass staff has the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

rit.

cause of right—In a cause we love so dear. Yes, a
work is done—'Till vic-t'ry crowns the day. 'Till

rit.

cause we love so dear. To make men free, for De-moc-ra-
vic-t'ry crowns the day. O boys so true, God be with

cy. They have seized the sword and lance, And soon they'll
you, Is the prayer we breath each night; Strength give your

IMPROVEMENT ERA

*ff**rit.*

join the bat-tle line, "over there" "somewhere in France."
hands to break the bands Forged by the ty - rant— Might.

REFRAIN.

All hail, loyal sons of U - tah, Brave boys of the Beehive

State! At your country's call you gave your all— You did not

hes - i - tate. Where - 'er you be, on land or sea, We

poco rit.

know you will be true To God a-bove, To the

poco rit. Maestoso.

Largamente. *a tem.* *D.S.* *Fine.*

flag you love, To the old Red, White and Blue.....

Largamente. *a tem.* *D.S.* *Fine.*

How to Lessen Contributions to Crime

A Study for the M. I. A. Advanced Senior Classes

Lesson VII—Poverty

The aim of this lesson is to show that poverty is one of the causes of crime; and to suggest ways of relieving it.

Importance of the Subject.—Economists and sociologists differ as to the cause and means of the prevention of poverty but they are united in the opinion that it is a gigantic factor in human misery. In addition to the suffering it produces, it is a serious impediment to social progress. Because it is a fundamental thing, and affects the race as a whole, universal effort should be focussed upon its prevention.

Meaning of the Term.—Poverty is relative, but the term is used here to mean the abject type, "a standard of life below that which will provide for physical efficiency and social decency." When vast portions of America were in the pioneer stage of development, and public lands were still obtainable, there existed a higher type of poverty, which could be termed self-respecting poverty. This type proved to be a disciplinary and stimulating agent for character-building in the lives of such notables as the Prophet Joseph Smith, the emancipator Abraham Lincoln, the statesman James A. Garfield, the inventor Thomas A. Edison, and thousands of other successful men and women.

Poverty as a Contributor to Crime.—Unequal distribution of wealth has always existed but during the last half century economic conditions in this country have changed greatly. In the congested centers of population poverty is becoming an insurmountable barrier to opportunity. It crushes self-respect and ambition. It exists side by side with enormous wealth. Neither extreme furnishes the conditions favorable to the development of happy, useful lives.

"Crime begins in poverty" is an old proverb derived from China. Ignorance and lawlessness are often traceable to it. Prostitution is another of its evil products.

Stealing, gambling, lying, drunkenness, family desertion are familiar accompaniments of indigency.

The curse of destitutions falls still more heavily upon the young. "It starves, freezes, destroys child life." Penury and under nourishment go hand in hand. An educator in Chicago submitted this startling statement, "Five thousand children who attend the schools of Chicago are habitually hungry."

The destructive effects of poverty are painfully apparent where child-labor is permitted. Deterioration is rapid mentally and physically. The child who is employed long hours away from home influence and parental restraint, in the company of vicious associates falls a prey to disease and temptation. Juvenile courts and reformatories are recruited from the poorer districts of large cities. Incurables among children of the slums frequently become degenerates among the adults.

Forces Back of this Evil.—"Low wages, high rents, high prices, and bargains, are among the social forces behind poverty." Economic injustice is a prominent cause of destitution. Also widowhood, orphanage, sickness, unchecked contagion, unemployment, insufficient food. Other causes are personal shortcomings, as idleness, ignorance, inefficiency, mental and physical defects, the use of narcotics, drugs, and alcoholic beverages. Most of these things tabulated as causes are also the effects of poverty.

Forces to be Marshallled Against this Evil.—Forces that may be marshalled to abolish poverty are economic reforms and legislative measures, not drastic but gradual so as to give time for necessary readjustment. Legislative enactment on prohibition, woman's suffrage, child labor, narcotics, drugs, venereal diseases, contagion, betting, and gambling may be depended upon to decrease destitution.

Laws lose much of their effectiveness unless supported by public opinion, therefore, the first step is the diffusion of knowledge which will direct public attention to industrial abuses and economic injustice.

The percentage of poverty caused by preventable ill health could be diminished by proper food, free clinics with medical and surgical treatment, and training in personal hygiene. Other alleviative measures are: improved sanitation, checking of overcrowding in tenement districts, and the establishment of playgrounds and recreation centers. Ignorance of mothers in the manual working class could be overcome by free instruction in the home and in community centers by government demonstrators. In "continuation schools" free industrial training could be given to the unemployed which would make them more and more efficient and self respecting.

The Gospel Plan for Poverty Prevention.—When the attention is turned from the general to the local economic condition there are many encouraging features. The restored gospel embraces potent factors for the prevention of destitution in the system known as the United Order, or Order of Enoch, a system of collective ownership or an industrial democracy, imparted by revelation; also in such substitute measures as industrial co-operation, constructive relief society charities, fast offerings, and tithing.

In pioneer days, the relief extended by Brigham Young to immigrants arriving in Salt Lake valley in the autumn without food for the winter, when he ordered such public works as the erection of the famous Social Hall, and the massive walls of defense around Salt Lake City to furnish employment to able bodied men who, otherwise, would be forced to eat the bitter bread of charity, is illustrative of the correct principle of poverty prevention.

Reference books: *Poverty and Social Progress*, by Dr. Parmelee; *The Prevention of Destitution*, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

Questions and Problems for Discussion

1. What crimes in your community if any are traceable to poverty?
2. What seems to be the cause of poverty in your community? What remedies would you suggest?
3. Suggest effective measures for lessening destitution generally.
4. Statistics prove that a large percentage of paupers and criminals are feeble-minded. Do you favor segregation of the feeble-minded in schools under state control? How would this tend to decrease poverty?
5. Show how sanitation, medical care, and education will increase the productivity of the laboring classes.
6. Is vagrancy a cause or an effect of poverty?
7. Do you believe this: "Assistance rendered to the lazy and indolent without compensation through labor is a crime"?
8. If laws are passed for the alleviation of poverty, how may the worthy be segregated from the unworthy poor?
9. How does the Doctrine and Covenants provide for the abolishing of poverty? (See Doc. and Cov. 42:42; 68:30, 31; 75:29.)

Lesson 8—Luxury

Definition.—Many economic writers have attempted to determine what is luxury, but with only partial success. All luxury that is normal must arise

out of surplus income. But temporary luxury might arise out of recklessness in the use of credit or inherited fortune, or greed, or a criminal life. Such income so expended is in itself abnormal, and its nature is to breed abnormality for whatever it is expended.

Normal surplus is the basis of all civilized progress. A stable prosperity is impossible without it but is also dependent upon the wisdom employed in its expenditure. Wisdom in expenditure is measured by the growth of resource and culture and the ever increasing power to conserve and enjoy these social values.

Normal Culture.—Normal culture expresses itself in the various forms of strength, beauty, morality and knowledge—beautiful and well ordered homes, magnificent public buildings, parks, streets and highways; advancement in education, art, science and literature; advancement in commerce, industry, government, agriculture, engineering; general religious, moral, intellectual, and physical power and refinement. All these and more count in the catalog of human luxuries, and none are essentially contributors to crime.

Excessive Wealth.—Crime in all of its phases is an abnormality and has its origin in personal and social malformations. Some are born degenerate, and wealth, in their hands, becomes the seed of moral contagion as long as it lasts. Some are made degenerate by the abnormal luxury of their home and social environment, and with them the sense of social accountability has not developed; life expresses itself in idleness, gluttony, riotous and sensuous amusement, excessive and unmanly sport, superficial ideas of chivalry, crude notions of property rights, crude and vulgar habits in their relations with the opposite sex, utterly inadequate conceptions of the principle of marriage, and its personal and social obligations; selfish, indiscriminating and, when in difficulty, criminal ways of gratifying their personal desires and avoiding the consequences.

Some achieve wealth so far in excess of their normal capacities that the perplexity of inventing ways to consume it transforms them into social monsters. Such men invariably undertake to buy social and other preferment with their check books. The wives and daughters of such families, under the handicap of their impoverished culture, strive for distinction through the vulgar display and waste of their wealth, decorating their persons with costly fabrics, emblazoning their carriages with fictitious heraldry, surrounding themselves with princely equipments and a swarm of foreign flunkies, and in other foolish ways squandering their time and wealth in a vain effort to vanquish the ennui of nothing to do. The sons, in the meantime, are likely to have no higher ideals than to spend their father's money without stint for whatever their diseased appetites may crave, thus enervating and degrading themselves, debauching their associates and not infrequently transforming a whole community living upon their extravagant expenditures into degenerates and criminals.

An Illustration.—A New York man made \$100,000,000 profits a few years ago from the sale of town lots. He died, leaving to his son and daughter about \$40,000,000 each. The daughter married a titled person from Europe as a social investment, and is reported to have divorced him as a slacker in the present war. The son was reported to have married a wealthy Philadelphia woman who had been divorced from a man who had been divorced from a woman who had been divorced. The last in the series, the heir to the \$40,000,000, was himself in the divorce court only a year or two after he was married. A short time previous to his marriage he was brought into court to testify against another of his class who had personated him in a matrimonial venture. As it was reported in the press, the court, out of curiosity, asked him how much he owned. "I do not know, sir," was the answer. Not quite satisfied, the court sought to reach him from another angle. "How much do you spend in a year?" "I do not have any idea, sir, how much I spend in a year." But the court was still curious and hopeful,

"What is the nature of your property?" "Really, sir, I do not know anything about my property. All that I concern myself with in such matters is that when I want money and I represent the fact to my lawyer, he hands me a check."

The surplus from American labor and industry has created thousands of families similar to this one. The amount that goes over seas to pay for titled marriages alone was estimated before the war to be about \$200,000,000 annually.

The Remedy.—Abnormal luxury has been the twin companion of greed to worry and distract civilization ever since the institution of property became effective. What can be seriously proposed now as a remedy? The thing that up to now has been the greatest stimulus to false luxury is the hereditary aristocracy of Europe. The war is going to prove whether that is to persist in any effective form. Another powerful factor which is to come into the problem as an effect of the war must for the present be passed in silence for the best of reasons. Property legislation such as has been proposed by Roosevelt and others, and measures that may be suggested by our war experiences will undoubtedly come up for examination when peace returns, but until then cannot consistently be discussed.

But there are some forces that can be engaged in such a service at any time. One is the simple remedy proposed by Sir Matthew Arnold as a cure for war, namely, "Get a little more culture." Whenever a body of influential families determine to apply their wealth and express their good fortune in terms of a higher culture and a progressive utility, rather than in ostentation and the various displays of affluence common in this country, they will be doing the greatest thing that any one can do in this line. If, as has been suggested in the case of Greed and churches, the schools, the clubs and the homes would enter upon a systematic campaign for the making of an atmosphere antagonistic to false luxury and its products, no one can foretell what might be accomplished by it. It is a perfectly normal thing to seek distinction among our fellow men, and if by any means it can be made more popular to express our rights to be noticed and honored in a pure, effective culture and an ability and disposition to serve, rather than a mere display of wealth and the disposition to waste, the former is what will be done by normal people.

Problems and Questions

1. What is culture?
2. Show that extravagant expenditures for personal gratifications tend to weaken accountability.
3. Show that the absence of economic incentive to labor is a moral handicap.
4. Discuss the problem of money allowances to non-producing members in a wealthy family.
5. Compare the moral effects of unearned luxurious private allowances and inheritances, with unearned benefits from state, for instance, free education and free health.
6. Discuss the effect of sensuous indulgence upon the will to conform to social restrictions.
7. Discuss the effects of conspicuous luxury, idleness and waste upon the morals of the family that labors incessantly for the bare necessities of life.

References

Readings, Ezekiel, on Luxury in Tyre; Amos and Jeremiah, on Luxury among the Jews; Brooks Adams, *Fall of Civilization and Decay*; Macaulay's chapters on the Restoration, in the *History of England*; Deblen, *Theory of the Leisure Class*.

Lesson IX—Greed

What is Greed?—Covetousness, on the part of one who is not in need, for things needed by others is greed.

To crave more than a just proportion of things needed by others is greed.

A craving for power over wealth or human beings with no purpose to use it in legitimate human service is greed.

An inordinate craving for distinction among men is greed. (This is not intended to apply in any sense to the love of moral approbation.)

The Greedy Man.—The bargain driver craves an unfair share of the rewards of trade, and employs dishonest means to get it. He does it because he is greedy.

In early days there lived in one of our southern counties a rank example of the bargain driver. He had an unusual amount of money with no disposition to use it except to loan it to people in distress from whom he was able to exact twenty-five cents on the dollar per year for its use. He was known throughout the country as "Old Twenty-five Percent." He was greedy.

A few years ago a certain manufacturer, though enjoying great prosperity, reduced the wages of his men whose wages were already below the normal family standard. The strike that followed came near plunging his state into a civil war. Many lives were sacrificed and millions of wealth were destroyed. When asked by an investigating commission why he did it, the manufacturer made answer that he could get all the workmen he wanted for the reduced price and was not in business for charity. He was greedy.

When war was declared against Germany the food administrator urged a general planting of potatoes to insure our allies against hunger.

War profiteers cornered the potato supply and required those who sought to respond to the country's call to pay \$5 a bushel for their seed. The profiteers when they came to think about it must have realized that they were greedy.

The genius of Napoleon Bonaparte without his greed might have made him one of the greatest benefactors of the race. His greed turned all Europe into a battle field, and caused him to be branded as an enemy of the race.

When this world war was started, with a wickedness of spirit which God alone can fully comprehend, it was because a whole nation had been rendered insane by a wholesale propaganda of greed.

The reason that Lenine and Trotzky, who are detested and counted among the greatest scoundrels of the war, betrayed their country while pretending to be its deliverers, and are now fortifying their infamy by the assassination of thousands of their own people, is that Lenine and Trotzky were greedy. Fifty percent of all the crimes of the world, it is said, are caused by greed.

The Resources of Greed.—Where animal propensities dominate, greed prospers. Indulgence of carnal appetites, undue love of amusement, vanity, false pride, unregulated ambition, misfortune, ignorance of the principles of progress and universal right, unwise laws, all these contribute to the rewards of greed.

A successful manipulator of railway stock was once asked by an investigating committee how he got his fortune of one hundred millions. His naive reply was, "I got it by employing the best New York lawyers to exploit the imperfections of the law." And he was asked, "Who put those imperfections into the laws?"

"Oh!" said the witness, "in some cases I suppose those same New York lawyers had something to do with it." The railroad man was greedy, the lawyers were greedy, and the legislators who were thus corrupted were greedy.

What can be Done About it?—President Wilson was once asked by the loyal women of America, "What shall we do with our hyphenated Americans?" The answer was, "Create an all-American atmosphere to which hyphenism is intolerable and in which that detestable culture is impossi-

ble." This principle is easily applicable to the commoner forms of greed.

A twin companion of greed is extravagance. This is especially true of obedience rendered to superior fortune and a vulgar display of the capacity to spend and waste that which the majority of the human race is in want of. Propagate in our schools, colleges, church organizations, theatres, clubs, and popular resorts, ideas and feelings such that this trait will be met with aversion rather than with a species of admiration. We talk much of a return to "the simple life." Let all be informed that the simple life so greatly to be desired is not the crude arts and raw livelihood of the savage, but just a hearty and thorough-going conformity to a Christian, humane, and Latter-day Saint life.

Questions and Problems for Discussion

1. What should be said of a controlling desire to possess without due compensation wealth produced by the labor of others?

2. What distinction should be made between the man who takes the property of others in violation of law and the one who engages in "making money" by consciously exploiting the imperfections of the law?

3. What are the causes of the prevalence of money worship?

4. Discuss the uses and abuses of exploitation.

5. Discuss the economic sources of human satisfaction and show that the greatest of such satisfactions comes from the service which wealth enables one to render to others.

6. Show wherein greed is opposed to the above principle and is the result of ignorance.

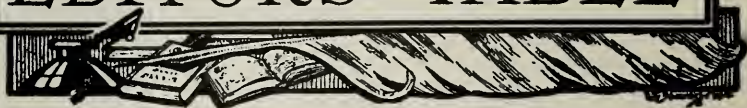
7. Discuss the principle of the brotherhood of man as presented in the New Testament, and apply it to modern social behavior.

Good reading: Dickens, *Scrouge*, and *Old Curiosity Shop*; Mark Twain, *Gilded Age*; Count de Cheverell, *Account of Black Friday*, *Account of the Coal Strike of 1902*, *Pullman Car Strike of 1894*, *Investigation of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway*; *Investigation of the Chicago and Alton Railway*.

Benjamin H. Cooke, who was the son of B. F. Cooke and Mary J. Cooke, died in St. Anthony, Idaho, May 4, 1918, from cancer. He was born April 23, 1862, in Tooele, Utah, and was a diligent worker in the Church. He did active work for the *Improvement Era*, and for Mutual Improvement associations wherever he labored. He was set apart as secretary and treasurer of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Yellowstone stake, November 13, 1909, in which capacity he served until his death. He was a High Priest, and a most faithful worker in all Church lines. On March 10, 1886, he married Annie Hobbs, who died March 25, 1911. He married again, Ingeborg Alstrop, on June 10, 1915. He continued his work up to the last moment, having filled an M. I. A. appointment in one of the wards of the Yellowstone stake on the day before he was compelled to take to his bed. Elder George H. Howe, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake says that "Brother Cooke was never asked to perform a duty but what he did it, and his records were always kept in a very complete and neat way. His death was a serious loss to our stake."



EDITORS' TABLE



"I have Dwelt in the Spirit of Prayer"

"I have not lived alone these five months. I have dwelt in the spirit of prayer, of supplication, of faith and of determination. I have had my communication with the Spirit of the Lord continuously." These were the significant key words of President Joseph F. Smith's opening speech at the Eighty-ninth semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which in many ways was a notable event in the history of the Church. His words found a ready lodgment in the hearts of the Saints, for they, too, have had the experience.

The doctrines and instructions of the speakers were plain, powerful, and to the point.

The attendance was somewhat diminished, owing to so many of the Priesthood being absent in the war, the announcement being made at one meeting of the conference that over fifteen thousand men holding the Priesthood were in the military service of our country. Others not at war, who would have attended conference, were detained at home to do work that many of the younger men who were in the service would have done under other circumstances, thus compelling many to forego the pleasure of attending.

A cause for much rejoicing was the presence of President Joseph F. Smith who, it had been feared, might not be able to attend owing to the condition of his health, he having been quite ill for the past five months. But he was able to be present at most of the meetings and to preside as well as to make brief but inspiring remarks to the gathered Saints. The effort did him no harm, and he seemed to feel better at each appearance.

Promptly at ten o'clock on Friday morning, the 4th, and as a complete surprise to the large congregation, President Smith entered through the door at the stand. As he entered, the organ peeled forth a chord and the vast audience arose spontaneously and stood in affectionate reverence until he acknowledged with a wave of the hand the beautiful and sincere tribute of love and respect which the Church and congregation so beautifully exhibited towards their beloved leader. This happened time and again during the conference.

He was visibly affected when he arose to make his opening speech which was listened to with profound silence. He said:

"As most of you, I suppose, are aware, I have been under-

going a siege of very serious illness for the last five months. It would be impossible for me, on this occasion, to occupy sufficient time to express the desires of my heart and my feelings, as I would desire to express them to you, but I felt that it was my duty, if possible, to be present and take some little part this morning in the opening session of this Eighty-ninth semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Clear of Mind Though Weak in Body

"For more than seventy years I have been a worker in this cause with you and your fathers and progenitors, pioneers who broke the way into these valleys of the mountains; and my heart is just as firmly set with you today as it ever has been. Although somewhat weakened in body, my mind is clear with reference to my duty, and with reference to the duties and responsibilities that rest upon the Latter-day Saints; and I am ever anxious for the progress of the work of the Lord, for the prosperity of the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints throughout the world. I am as anxious as I ever have been, and as earnest in my desires that Zion shall prosper, and that the Lord shall favor his people and magnify them in his sight, and in the knowledge and understanding of the intelligent people of all the world.

Continuous Communication with the Spirit of the Lord

"I will not, I dare not, attempt to enter upon many things that are resting upon my mind this morning, and I shall postpone until some future time, the Lord being willing, my attempt to tell you some of the things that are in my mind, and that dwell in my heart. I have not lived alone these five months. I have dwelt in the spirit of prayer, of supplication, of faith and of determination; and I have had my communication with the Spirit of the Lord continuously; and I am glad to say to you, my brethren and sisters, that it is a happy meeting this morning for me to have the privilege of joining with you in the opening of this Eighty-ninth semi-annual conference of the Church.

"God Almighty bless you and those who shall address you, and President Lund, who will continue in charge of the services, in my absence, at least; and all who take part in the services of this conference, that you may have a time of rejoicing and of great reward.

"Hoping that you will pardon my effort to say anything under so unfavorable circumstances to myself, I bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and invoke his favor and blessing and protection upon you now and forever. Amen."

President Smith had no sooner uttered the "Amen" than the great organ peeled forth the strains of "We thank thee, O

God, for a prophet," at which the great congregation as one arose, and without announcement, sang impressively and with deep emotion, the popular and sacred song of the Latter-day Saints:

"We thank thee, O God, for a prophet,
To guide us in these latter-days;
We thank thee for sending the gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays."

Never was the hymn sung with greater earnestness and feeling.

President Smith celebrates his eightieth anniversary, November 13, 1918. Hundreds of thousands will remember him with loving well wishes and congratulations.

Some Current History

"I have drawn a few items, by request, from the current events of the Church and its history, that I think will be interesting to be read by our people in the *Deseret News*, this evening, and for this reason I will submit these items to the clerk to be handed over to the *Deseret News* for publication."

So said President Joseph F. Smith at the close of his opening remarks at the October conference. We think readers of the *Era* will also be interested in them, and hence present them here in full:

Tithing

We have been blessed with a most abundant harvest in all the stakes and wards of the Church. The Lord has greatly blessed the people, and it is gratifying to note that our tithing records show an increase in tithing paid for the first nine months of this year over the corresponding months of 1917.

Priesthood Activities

In consequence of so many of our young men being drafted into the war, the activities of our quorums of the priesthood, especially of the Elders, Priests and Teachers quorums, are very much impaired. In some wards nearly every priest and teacher of draft age is in the war. The quorums have been seriously depleted, and a corresponding effect has also been felt in the Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A.

Missionary Work

The extension of the draft age has also affected our missionary work, and we are not now sending missionaries out who are within the draft age.

Relief Society Wheat

Our Relief Societies were called on, just prior to harvest time of this year, to supply the government with all the wheat they had stored up for years. Of course, they promptly and loyally complied with the request, and the wheat has been taken over by the government and used to help meet the demand made upon this country by our allies. The money received for this wheat is a trust fund, and should be kept in the banks, and when the proper time arrives, used to purchase wheat to be saved up against another time of need. The policy inaugurated by the leaders of the Church years ago with reference to this matter is a sound policy and should be continued.

Temples

The Hawaiian temple is now nearing completion. Substantial progress is being made with the Cardston temple. The building is enclosed, and the finishing work now in process.

Military Service

We believe that our brethren who have answered the call of their Country and entered the war should have their names on record in the Church, and Bishops should enter every member of their ward who is in the military service of the United States or its allies on the tithing record, as this record is a roll of honor. Further details will be given by the Presiding Bishopric. (It was later said by Elder David A. Smith at the request of President Smith that fifteen thousand men holding the priesthood were in the military service of our Country.)

Reorganization of the Presiding Bishopric

Bishop Orrin P. Miller, first counselor to Presiding Bishop C. W. Nibley, passed away on July 7, 1918, after a long and severe illness. On July 18, Bishop David A. Smith was set apart as first counselor, and Elder John Wells ordained a Bishop and set apart as second counselor to Presiding Bishop C. W. Nibley.

Deaths

Since our last conference Bishop William Fairbourn, of Crescent ward, Jordan stake, has passed away; and Marion A. Woolley, of Kanab stake, and George E. Giles, of Provo, Utah, laboring in the Australian and Samoan mission fields respectively, also passed away.

New Wards

The following new wards have been organized since our last conference:

Redcliffe, Utah, strawberry and Alterra wards, in Duchesne stake; Veyo and Central, in St. George stake; Wandamere, in Granite stake; Lark, in Jordan stake; Topaz, in Portneuf stake, and Pegram Branch, in Montpelier stake.

"The Shepherd of the Range"

This beautiful poem by T. McClure Peters, of Kaysville, Utah, published in the October number of the *Era*, in the fifth and sixth lines of the fifth stanza contained editorial changes unauthorized by the author, and which are considered vital to the sense of the poem.

These read in the published poem:

"What matters it what men say of the Christ,
Or even doubt He ever walked the earth?"

The lines as originally written, read:

"What matters it if Mary bore no Christ,
Or even if He never walked the earth?"

The suggested changes by the associate editor with the proof of the poem were not submitted as intended to Mr. Peters who therefore requests a republication of the stanza to relieve him

of a false position. He says he never would have consented to have his name appear as the author of the verses in the shape printed. The whole stanza as written by him would then read:

"I think at times on this that men have said,
With troubled mind, and to myself I say,—
We often speak thus to our other selves,
You know it is the lonely shepherd's way:—
What matters it if Mary bore no Christ,
Or even if He never walked the earth?
Since from the first I read these gospel books
The Jesus of my soul has had his birth:
His power as great as if in flesh and blood;
The truths He told of goodness do not change;
I worship Him, though that He never was,
I, a poor lonely shepherd of the Range."

Sentiments from the Soldiers

Sgt. Moroni W. Smith, writing from Camp Funston, Kansas, October 5: "A friend has been sending me the *Era* and I so thoroughly enjoy it that I am enclosing subscription fee to have it sent my mother and two little brothers yet in their tender years. I am anxious that the latter shall have every possible environment conducive of the making of real, live Latter-day Saints. That is what our father, were he still living, would have us become. My sixteen months' service for Uncle Sam has opened my eyes to social conditions I dreamed not of. Yet it has only tended to establish more firmly in my mind how weak and puny we are without divine guidance. My testimony is that God is love, and that the brotherhood of man should be universal."

Private David L. Basinger, U. S. General Hospital No. 3, Rahway, New Jersey, Ward No. 22, writes, September 19, to a friend: I have been back in God's country, U. S. A., since September 1. I got wounded in battle in France, July 25, by a high explosive shell which landed about twenty feet from me. One of its fragments happened to hit me, striking on the top of my right hand and going clear through it. President Monson has been to see me, accompanied by the conference president. They administered to me, and I feel I have been blessed of the Lord. They gave me several copies of the *Improvement Era* and several *Liahonas* and *The Juvenile Instructor*, all of which are a source of inspiration to me. I received the *Era* regularly in France, until I got in the hospital. It was a welcome guest and a great help to me in France. I am pleased to have the opportunity of coming back to the United States of America, a land which is choice above all other lands. I should like to have any books sent me that any one may have of the pioneers, or the life of any of the leaders of the Latter-day Saints, in whom I am very greatly interested.

Lieut. Leroy A. Wilson, writing from Oklahoma, to the folks. October 5, and sending a subscription to the *Improvement Era*, says: "I have been wanting something for a long time without being able to determine just what it was. Today I thought of the *Improvement Era* and of the wonderful inspiration it used to afford me, and then I knew it was this great little magazine of the Saints which I wanted, so I am enclosing my subscription. Why don't some of the brethren start a movement to have this periodical sent to our boys in the trenches and in the cantonments? I know from contact with them that they are thinking of the gospel, and would gladly read every copy. At least it should be among the magazines found on the reading tables of the Y. M. C. A. I am sure they would give us space. I

have been at several large camps and have never yet found any of our publications. At Camp Jackson, which I recently left, over one hundred officers of the 'Mormon' faith were stationed, to say nothing of the enlisted men."

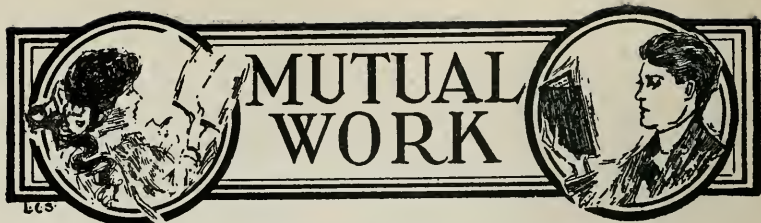
From "Somewhere in France" Sapper F. C. Henderson writes, August 17, 1918: "I have been a member of the Church for two years on the 24th of September, enlisting for overseas service on June 4, 1917, in the Canadian Engineers, at Lethbridge, Alta. I formerly resided in the Taylorsville ward, in the Cardston district. Leaving Lethbridge for Calgary, I remained there three weeks, then proceeded to St. Johns, Quebec, for training, with the 8th Batt. Canadian Engineers. On Dec. 9, 1917, our colonel called for volunteers for reconstruction work at Halifax, and I went, fixing up the barracks that were destroyed by the explosion of Dec. 6. Leaving that city for overseas, we arrived in England March 18. We were then warned for draft leave before proceeding to France, and were granted six days. I took my leave in Manchester, visiting with the elders and Saints there, staying with President Lester F. Hewlett and Elders Henry H. Parker and Evan O. Perkins. I spent a most enjoyable time there, feeling like I was among the Saints in Canada. Yesterday I received a copy of the *Era* from one of the sisters of the Oldham branch. There is not a better book printed than the *Improvement Era*, to my thinking. I have been very much interested in it, and I certainly thank the sisters for sending me it. Of all books I have seen in the trenches, I like none better than the *Era*. I hope to write you again very soon. I still have a testimony of the gospel. I know it is a true work in which we are engaged, and I pray the Lord will bless you all, in your work."

The German Exhibit in the British Museum, on the Western Front. It is stated officially that during the month of August, 1918, British troops



British Official Photo. © Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

in France captured 657 German guns, including over 150 heavy guns. Machine guns to the amount of 5,750 have been counted, as have over a thousand trench mortars. During September and October the British must have trebbled their August achievements.



Suggestive Preliminary Program

For November—Our Country's Destiny

Declamation, "The Mission of America," by Woodrow Wilson. (See *Era* and *Journal*, October, 1918.)

Address, "America the Exponent of World Freedom."

Junior girls' chorus, "Light and Truth," *Journal*, October, 1918.

A Sermon in a Sentence

At the M. I. A. convention of the Salt Lake stake of Zion, President Nephi L. Morris was asked to say a few words. He arose and gave a sermon in a sentence. It is particularly applicable to our leadership in the M. I. A. That it might be impressed he repeated it twice. We will repeat it once and ask that all the superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A. throughout the Church repeat it twice to the officers of the organization in their next monthly meeting:

"He assumes a fearful responsibility who shirks one."

Ten "Mutual" Suggestions

In response to our request in the last issue of the *Era*, Fred L. W. Bennett submits suggestions for building up the M. I. A. organizations. We cull from his statements:

1. Start the meetings on time, whether there are 5 or 500 persons present.
2. Popular favorites must not help with the Special Activities *all* the time. Make it a point to get *every one* belonging to the organizations to appear on the programs from time to time. Remember the Mutuels are for mutual improvement and not for entertainment only. It is those who are backward that the M. I. A. movement is aiming to help.
3. Special activities must not encroach on the time allowed for class work.
4. Limit a talk or whatever it is to ten minutes, except in very special cases. This has two objects; it gives more persons a chance to participate, and does not allow a tedious person to bore the audience.
5. Advertise the programs in the newspapers, as much as possible.
6. Get as many members as you can working on committees, and in other ways, so that they will be made to feel personal responsibility.
7. Bring the members together, and make the social gatherings as informal as possible. See that backward or shy members have as good a time as the others. Encourage the members to address each other as "Brother" and "Sister." A pernicious movement is the practice of introducing young people to each other as "Mister" and "Miss."
8. Allow the movement to prosper by having plenty of funds.
9. Make the meetings so attractive that people will attend from choice.
10. Endeavor to make the spirit of tolerance, humility, love and reverence pervade everything that is done, that the members may feel that it is a pleasure to belong to the organization and not attend only as a duty.

The Mother of a Soldier

(To be used as a recitation in the M. I. A. for December, to prepare members for contests to be held in March and April.)

He stood before me—oh! so big and strong!
I scarcely could believe he was my child—
My little boy who never had grown up—
Who always seemed so carefree, young and wild.
But in his grim khaki and its solemn thoughts
Had brought a world-old sorrow to his eyes
As tenderly he whispered, "Dear, be brave!
The mother of a soldier never cries!"

And all alone, in ceaseless agony,
I try to hope and work, to wait and pray,
But oh, how hard it is to sit at home
With all my fears and hopes so far away!
Then comes a letter—what a wondrous joy!
And trembling I read with tear-dimmed eyes:
"Just keep on smiling, honey; don't forget
The mother of a soldier never cries!"

He's dead!—just numb, I sit and try to think;
All I can realize is a big, dull pain.
The world's so empty, robbed of all life's joys.
How can I go on living just the same,
And keep my courage when my heart is lead,
With nothing left to live for or to prize?
But hark! His dear voice whispers, "Don't give up!
The mother of a soldier never cries!"

No, I will not give up! for there's a thought
That gives me strength to live my empty life.
A man must die some day. The noblest death
Is surely in the glorious heat of strife,
Where man, by courage and true sacrifice,
Can prove to God his manhood as he dies!
And so my heart is glad, and I see why
The mother of a soldier never cries!

Rosalind Goldsmith.

New York Times, Nov. 4, 1917.

Honor Roll

The stakes named herewith have earned the Special Certificate awarded by the General Boards at June Conference for excellent work in M. I. A. Activities. They have fulfilled the requirements entitling them to this Certificate, viz., 50 per cent or more of their wards have scored a sufficient number of points for three months, one of which was the last month of the season, to entitle them to hold permanently the Red, White, and Blue colors:

Bear Lake, Beaver, Big Horn, Bingham, Blackfoot, Box Elder, Cassia, Deseret, Ensign, Granite, Idaho, Kanab, Liberty, Millard, Montpelier, Morgan, Oneida, Pocatello, Salt Lake, San Luis, Shelley, Taylor, Teton, Tintic, Uintah, Wasatch, Yellowstone.

PASSING EVENTS

The Springville-Mapleton new sugar factory started cutting beets October 10, with a prospect for a ninety day campaign .

The Fourth Liberty Loan gave promise of being fully subscribed for, both locally and nationally, on Oct. 17. Utah was to raise \$18,570,800, of which, on October 19, all was subscribed. Already the authorities of the nation are making arrangements for the Fifth Loan.

Men and munitions captured. Since July 15 and up to Sept. 30, the Allies captured 5,518 officers; 248,494 men; 3,869 cannon; more than 23,000 machine guns and hundreds of mine stores. During the period from Sept. 10 to 30, the Allied armies in France and Belgium captured 2,855 officers, 120,192 men, 1,600 cannon, and more than 6,000 machine guns.

Woman Suffrage was defeated in the Senate of the United States by a vote of 53 to 31, on October 1. The two-thirds vote necessary was therefore, not received in the Senate. The resolution had been passed by the House, submitting to the states the Susan B. Anthony Suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution. President Wilson had made an appeal to the Senate to pass the Woman Suffrage bill as a war measure.

A terrific explosion in the plant of the T. A. Gillespie Shell Loading Company, Morgan, New Jersey, took place in October, beginning on the 4th and lasting that night and throughout the day following. The villages surrounding were abandoned and the few remaining were in danger. Hospitals were filled with dying and injured, there being upwards of 1,000 casualties. Millions in property damages resulted from this series of terrific explosions.

Jack R. Ainsley with his mother were two of the survivors of the *Perth Amboy*, a tugboat with a number of barges in tow which were sunk by a U-boat off Cape Cod. An interesting and heroic narrative is told of him. While the U-boats were shelling the tug this youngster of ten summers climbed up the mast and waved "Old Glory" defiantly in the face of the U-boat. He didn't care a continental if there had been fifty of the murdering boches. What more could show the spirit of the real American? The U-boat commander opened fire upon the boat without warning which action is a feature of the outrages latest perpetrated by the Hun pirates.

Officers needed in the war department, by July, 1919, will number ninety thousand of all ranks, for services with the army overseas and at home. A large number of these must come from the colleges and universities of the United States. Complete mobilization of all colleges and universities in the United States for the purpose of developing officer material is therefore necessary, and a complete readjustment of these institutions has been made to put them practically on a military basis. This has already been done with the leading colleges of Utah. The University of Utah, the Brigham Young University, the Agricultural College, and others. The action has completely revolutionized the leading educational institutions not only of our state, but of those surrounding, and of the whole country.

The war news was generally favorable for the Allies, who continued the whole month their successful drive against the German army. The Hindenburg line was broken. Many towns in France were retaken, and the British, French and American forces took thousands of prisoners, many guns,

and great stores of munitions. Indications that the German army of the West is crumbling were numerous. Two peace offers, Oct. 8 and 12, from Germany, were refused by the Allies and the battle went on constantly. The evacuation of Belgium and France by the Germans being seemingly at this writing only a matter of a short time. Turkey is about to surrender, the British at one time taking 50,000 prisoners. Bulgaria sued for peace, and obtained an armistice on the Allies' own terms. The Americans did heroic work in the sector occupied by them. Lille, France, was taken by the Allies on Oct. 17.

Mrs. Ida Elizabeth Smith, daughter-in-law of President Joseph F. Smith, and widow of the late Elder Hyrum M. Smith, of the Quorum of Twelve, died at her residence in Waterloo, September 24, 1918, at the age of forty-six years. She was the daughter of Andrew G. and Elizabeth Fife Bowman, and was born at West Weber, Utah, April 19, 1872, spending practically the whole of her life in this state, except the two or three years that she was with her husband on a mission in Great Britain. She leaves five children, the youngest of whom was seven days old at her death, and was named Hyrum M. Smith, after his father. She was a faithful Church worker, a kind and loving wife and mother. She took great interest in missionary work while in Europe, and did much for war relief, as well as for the relief societies and their labors in Europe. She was a leader at home in labors of the Primary.

Spanish Influenza increased alarmingly in the United States in the early part of October. Influenza and pneumonia in the army camps raised the death rate among the troops during the week ending October 4, higher than in any other week since the mobilization began. It increased from 32.4 deaths per thousand for the week ending September 27, to 81.8, an increase of 250 per cent, up to October 11. The admission rate for disease thus largely increased. During the week ending September 20, before the influenza epidemic began, the death rate was only 4.4 per thousand in the cantonments of the United States. In Utah the influenza increased during the early part of October to an alarming extent. The state health authorities of Utah promulgated a regulation on October 10, closing all public gatherings throughout the state. A similar regulation was promulgated by the health board of Idaho. On the 11th of October, the First Presidency of the Church, in compliance with the regulations of the state health authorities, closed the Latterday Saints temples, all meetings, Sunday schools, and other services, in the Tabernacle and in all and any Latter-day Saint chapels or other places of assembly, during the time set by the officers in charge.

John A. Groesbeck reached Salt Lake City from the front in France on July 15, the day when the Germans began their fifth drive. Mr. Groesbeck is the first Utah man to return from the battle front. He had been in service in Red Cross Transportation work in France about ten months and had seen active service since January 12, 1918. Owing to his age he was refused a place with the American Ambulance Corps and therefore engaged in the American Red Cross Transportation Department in which he has done excellent service, having been in three big retreats since he joined and besides having had some narrow escapes from capture. He relates some startling adventures in his work of operating ambulances in the service of the Red Cross from the Swiss border to the extreme north end of the allied lines. A concourse of relatives and friends met Mr. Groesbeck upon his arrival and there were scenes of fondest affection and thankfulness for the return safely of one who has been engaged in the great conflict which at present is rocking all Europe to its very foundation and making the world tremble. Mr. Groesbeck was formerly in the automobile business in Salt Lake City.

DIED IN SERVICE

Private Seth McConkie, Vernal, Utah, reported dead of accident, August 8.

Arthur G. Sullivan, Eureka, Utah, was reported killed in action, August 7. He enlisted April 19, 1917, at age of 22.

Walter B. Hanks, Loa, Utah, was reported accidentally killed at the ship building yards, Bremerton, Wash. He was the first soldier boy from Wayne county, to die in service.

Joseph Clyde Muir, son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Muir, of Clinton, Davis county, Utah, died Sept. 30, at Camp Lewis. He was twenty-one years of age, and had been training at the camp since August 26.

Private Wm. C. Layton was killed in a railroad wreck, France, July 23. Memorial services were held in his honor at Layton, September 8. Among the speakers were Governor Simon Bamberger, and Elder David O. McKay.

Lieut.-Col. John M. Craig, 44 years old, for a long time with the 20th Infantry, at Fort Douglas, and with the first contingent of American troops in France, and a veteran of many years in the army, was reported killed in action.

Private Harold Cox, son of Amasa Cox, Fairview, Utah, died at the Camp Lewis hospital, of pneumonia. Private Cox was twenty-two years old. His body passed through Salt Lake City on the 6th of October, for interment at Fairview.

Sgt. Morris Ginsburg, stationed at the University of Colorado, at Boulder, Colorado, died Sunday night, September 29, of pneumonia developed from Spanish influenza. He was formerly one of the proprietors of the American Florist Company, Salt Lake City.

Private Glenn Callan Perkins, U. S. Marine, was killed in France on July 19. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Perkins, residing on Brady Ranch, north of Pocatello. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, and was twenty-five years old; enlisted in the Marine corps, in August, 1917.

Corporal Flemming Hall, Midvale, was killed in action in France, July 20. He was born in Kensington, Kan., March 21, 1889; joined the regular army at Fort Douglas, May 4, 1917. From Fort Bliss he went overseas in June. Memorial services were held in Midvale Sept. 22, 1918.

Sadler Elmer S. Snyder, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Snyder, of Salt Lake City, and who enlisted June 21, 1917, in the artillery, fell from a train and was discovered in an unconscious condition by the side of the track. He died a few hours later. He was born in Kansas and was 22 years old.

Waldemar Jensen, brother of James M. Jensen, Salt Lake City, was reported killed on the front July 15. He formerly lived at Monroe, Utah, was 32 years of age and unmarried. He is survived by two brothers and his father, in Denmark, from which country he came about ten years ago.

Arthur Duffin, of Ogden, who enlisted in the United States Marine corps, January, 1917, and went to France in November of the same year, was killed in action at Chateau-Thierry, according to news received by his sister, September 18. He died from wounds received in action on the firing line. He was the son of H. Duffin, who survives him.

Winston Arnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Millard F. Arnett, Salt Lake City, twenty-four years of age, died from wounds received in action, according to word received here September 20. He was born in Utah; attended High School at Butte, Montana; entered the army on September 19, 1917; went to Camp Lewis and had been in France four months.

Marion J. Fletcher, a sergeant-major of the 133d Heavy Artillery, died in France, according to information received at Kaysville, October 1, where he has a sister residing, Mrs. Dr. Rutledge. He was twenty-two years

old, and volunteered a year ago last March in Monmouth, Illinois, and had been in France not quite two months. His mother lives in Montana.

Frank George Sainsbury, of Fielding, Utah, son of R. Sainsbury, and Sarah Ellen Tidwell Sainsbury, died at Camp Morrison, Virginia, of pneumonia, according to word received October 5. He was born at Fielding, November 1, 1896; enlisted April, 1918, and went into a training camp in Texas, from which point he was transferred and sent to Camp Morrison.

Edwin M. Gray, born at Central, Sevier county, Utah, October 30, 1892, attached to the 318th Engineers train, in service in France, died in a railroad accident, in France, July 3. He enlisted with the Engineers Corps, January 24, 1918, and received his training at Vancouver. He sailed for Europe, May 6. He was not married, but is survived by his mother and a step-sister.

John Henry Poulsen, twenty-two years of age, son of John A. Poulsen, of Mammoth, Utah, died of pneumonia at Portsmouth, New Hampshire Navy Yards. He was born in Safford, Ariz., and enlisted in the navy, April, 1917. His body was taken to Richfield for interment, where his mother died, May 30, of this year. He has one brother, August Poulsen, on the firing line in France.

Frank W. Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Thomas, Salt Lake City, died of influenza aboard the hospital ship *Comfort*, at the Brooklyn Navy Yards, on Monday or Tuesday, September 30 or October 1. He was a graduate of the East High School and studied for a year at the University of Utah. He was twenty-two years old, and prior to his enlistment was manager of his father's farm at Peterson, Utah.

Private Alexian E. Koshaba, twenty-four years of age, was killed in the performance of military duties, by a cave of the sand embankment at Camp Lewis, Washington, September 14. He was a member of L Company, 76th Infantry; born in Persia, and had been in the United States seven years. He left Salt Lake for Camp Lewis, July 23. A military funeral was held in Salt Lake, September 20.

Herbert I. Wilson, of Eureka, Utah, died as a result of injuries received in one of the drives made by the American forces in France in August. He was forty years of age; spent his early boyhood in Payson, and also worked in Tintic on a number of occasions. He enlisted in Salt Lake City; was sent to Fort Leavenworth; later to Camp Merritt, New Jersey; going overseas early the present year.

Private John Arthur Hogan, of Tooele, twenty-three years of age, died suddenly at Philadelphia, according to word received in Tooele, September 29. He was born in Evansville, Indiana, August 8, 1895, and had resided in Tooele for eight years, prior to his enlistment with the Marines, in May, 1917. He was trained at Mare Island, California, and in Cuba. The funeral was held in St. Marguerite's Church, Salt Lake, with military honors.

Joseph E. Riggs, son of J. A. and Christina Riggs, of Panguitch, Utah, was reported September 11, in the casualty list among the killed in action on the firing line in France. He was born December 3, 1894, went into the army November 3, 1917, sent to Camp Lewis where he left in December and arrived overseas on the 24th of that month, with M Co., 163d Infantry. He was in numerous engagements in the trenches. The official notification of his death stated that it had occurred August 1, being then with the 126th Infantry.

Lieut. Clarence E. Allen, Jr., was killed at the front, July 15, according to word received in Salt Lake City, August 6, by his father, Clarence E. Allen. He was a graduate of Yale and of the Columbia Law School, also of Stanford, admitted to the bar in 1916, entered military training school at Monterey that same year, graduating as second lieutenant, August, 1917. He became first lieutenant on being ordered abroad in February, 1918, and had been in the front about two months, in the 30th Regiment of the Regular Army. He was born November 18, 1891.

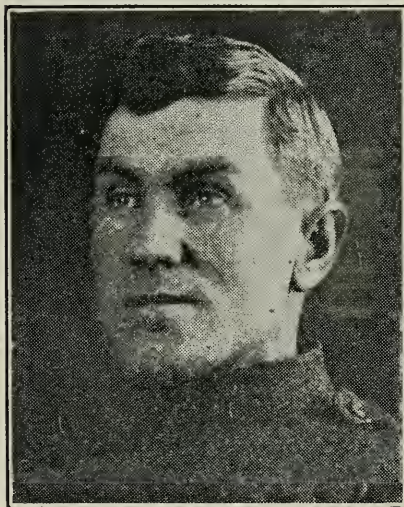
Henry M. Jones, twenty-nine years of age, son of Sylvester F. and Susannah M. Jones of Enoch, Utah, is reported dead of wounds sustained while battling with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. He is the first man from Iron County to give up his life for his country in the present war. He entered the army October 3, 1917, went to Camp Lewis, thence east and across the water on May 5, this year, with an infantry regiment. He was the first man called from Iron County, the first to go overseas, and the first from there to give his life for his country.

First Lieutenant Gilford Davidson, son of Mrs. N. C. Davidson, San Francisco, was killed in action July 31, in an aerial engagement with the Huns. Lieutenant Davidson was at one time a member of the Utah National Guard, but joined the aviation corps when the war broke out. He had his preliminary training at Berkeley, California. He was born at Wichita, Kansas, October 26, 1896, and was a member of the 145th Field Artillery before he was transferred to the aviation school at Berkeley. He enlisted in May, and was chosen to go direct to France with a small chosen corps of fliers in August.

Naval Dental Surgeon Dr. Weeden Edward Osborn, Salt Lake City, was struck by shells June 6, and instantly killed, while assisting a wounded fellow officer to a safety zone on the western front in France. So heroic was the deed that the service cross was awarded to him posthumously by General Pershing, who commended him, in a special notation, in official order. Osborn came to Utah some years ago from Chicago, where he was born, was graduated in 1915 from the dental school of the Northwestern university, and practiced several months in Bingham, then in Salt Lake, where he was associated with Dr. A. B. Wherry. He served at the navy yards, Boston, until December, 1917, when he was detached and assigned to duty on the *Alabama*, and on March 30, 1918, was ordered to report to the commanding officer of a regiment of marines with the expeditionary forces in France, with which regiment he was serving at the time of his death.

Private James W. Crosland, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Crosland, of Holden, Utah, died of pneumonia, in a French hospital, August 12, 1918.

He was born in Holden, February 7, 1888; left his home October 3, 1917, for Camp Lewis, where he received his training. When President Melvin J. Ballard organized a Y. M. M. I. A. in Camp Lewis, Private Crosland was chosen second assistant, November 25, 1917. He had previously performed a mission in that district, leaving his home November, 1909, and returning December, 1911. He left Camp Lewis February 27, 1918, went to North Carolina, then to New York, and sailed about May 6, 1918, for France. He was in the big drive between the 15th and 23rd of July. His parents received a letter dated July 23, which stated that he was feeling fine, and that the Americans had been victorious. His brother, Lawrence Crosland, with the Marines, received mustard gas burns in the big battle June



14, at the time that Grant Lyman received wounds which resulted in his death. James' brother, George, registered September 12, 1918.

A Study for the Priesthood Quorums for 1919. By action of the General Committee on Course of Study for the Priesthood, taken at a meeting October 10, 1918, it was decided that a book to contain selections from the doctrinal writings and sayings of President Joseph F. Smith would be used as a text for the Melchizedek Priesthood Quorums and Classes for the year 1919.

It was also decided by the committee that it would not be the best policy to prepare a special text book for the Priests for 1919, since most of the Priests are in military service. It was therefore recommended that a book entitled, *The Ancient Apostles*, by Elder David O. McKay, be the Priests' text book for the year 1919.

It was also decided that the text book for the teachers for the year 1919 be the same book as that for the Priests; namely, *The Ancient Apostles*, by Elder David O. McKay.

The text book adopted for the Deacons for the year 1919, it was decided, would be *Incidents from the Lives of our Leaders*.

It is designed by the committee to prepare an outline or guide for the study of the book containing the doctrinal writings and sayings of President Joseph F. Smith for the use of class teachers and students.

Improvement Era, November, 1918

Two Dollars per Annum

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918

Address, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Joseph F. Smith,	} Editors	Heber J. Grant, <i>Business Manager</i>
Edward H. Anderson,		Moroni Snow, <i>Assistant</i>

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Our Flag Upon the Alps.....	Frontispiece
Our Flag.....	Alfred Lambourne..... 1
A Lesson From the Book of Job.....	Orson F. Whitney..... 4
Our Battle Song. A Poem.....	Mary Isabel Tanner..... 11
Wilson-Pershing Medals. Illustration..... 12
The Three Orsons. Illustrated.....	Junius F. Wells..... 13
Outlines for Scout Workers. XXVII. The American Coot. Illustrated.....	D. W. Parratt..... 23
Rural Labor—Its Endowment.....	Professor Lowry Nelson..... 26
You Cannot Get Away From Yourself.....	Joseph S. Peery..... 28
Scout Camp American Fork Canyon..... 31
Problems of the Age. XXXIV-V.....	Dr. Joseph M. Tanner..... 32
American Troops in Vladivostok. Illustration..... 40
The Great Gift. A Story.....	Eumice Creager..... 41
Scene in the Uintahs. Illustration.....	Leland B. Anderson..... 48
Meaning of Education. XII.....	Dr. E. G. Peterson..... 49
Americans within Gun Range of Metz. Illustration..... 51
A Trapper's Adventure.....	Claude T. Barnes..... 54
One of the Great British Guns. Illustration..... 55
Alfalfa Seed Supremacy in Utah. Illustrated.....	J. Cecil Alter..... 56
Oldest Ward Clerk in the Church.....	Victor E. Madsen..... 63
Break Your Shackles and be Free.....	Dr. James E. Talmage..... 65
The Halloween Party.....	Elizabeth Cannon Porter..... 67
The Loyal Sons of Utah. A Song with Music.....	William A. Morton and Evan Stephens..... 70
How to Lessen Contributions to Crime..... 74
Editors' Table—"I have Dwelt in the Spirit of Prayer." Conference address.....	President Joseph F. Smith..... 80
Some Current History..... 82
"The Shepherd of the Range"..... 83
Sentiments from the Soldiers..... 84
Mutual Work..... 86
Passing Events..... 88

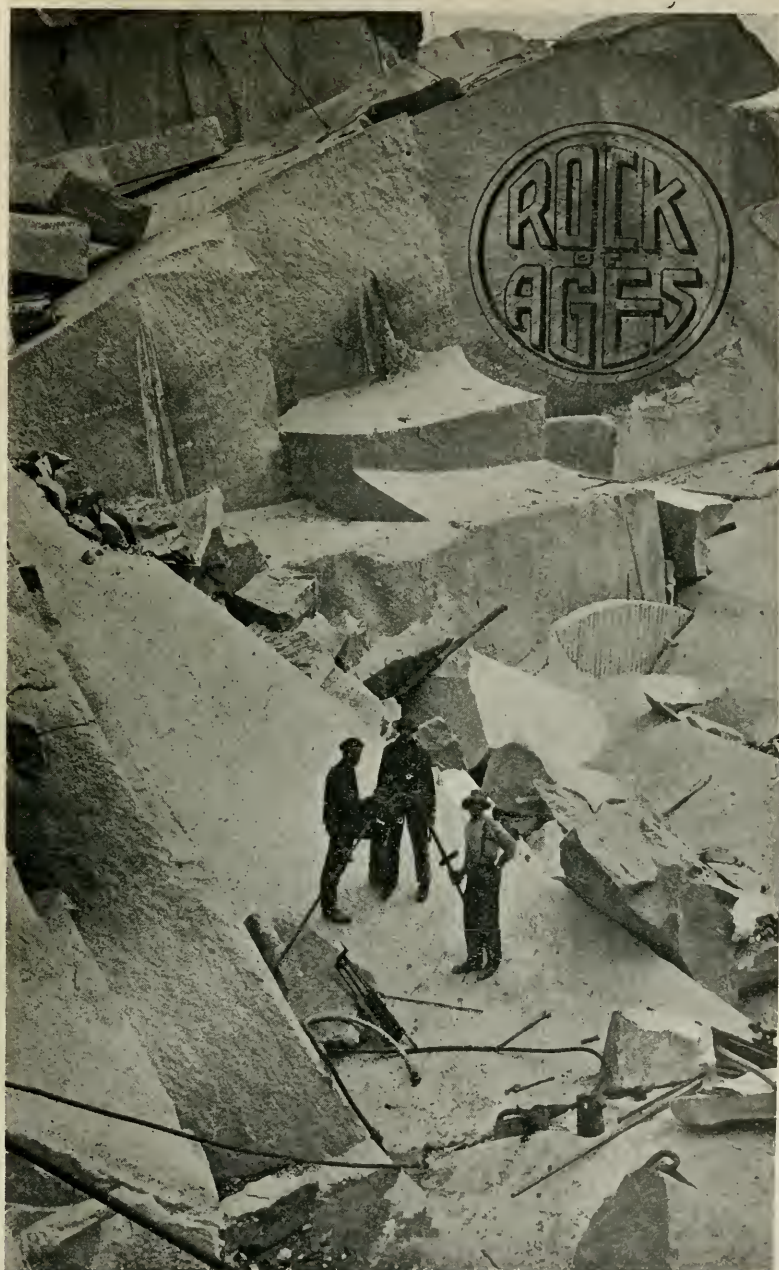


DARK BARRE GRANITE

The output from the twelve great quarries of this firm—the leading producers of Dark Barre Granite—for the year 1917 was just under half a million cubic feet.

No other quarries in the world produce so much granite of such quality as these.

No monuments surpass in beauty and excellence those made of Dark Barre Granite.



BOUTWELL, MILNE & VARNUM QUARRY NO. 7
Barre, Vermont

MARR & GORDON, Inc.

BARRE, VERMONT



THE HYRUM SMITH MONUMENT

Salt Lake City Cemetery

This beautiful monument was erected on President Joseph F. Smith's family lot and dedicated June 27th, 1918, in honor of his father, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. It is the most imposing and splendid monument in the State of Utah. It is of Dark Barre Granite, weighs over thirty tons, and rises to a height of over thirty feet. The stones are all perfectly cut and jointed and brilliantly polished. The inscriptions are deeply cut in the rock in large and beautiful letters. It is among the best examples of high class work in existence. It was made by Marr and Gordon, Barre, Vermont.

Order monuments through local dealers. Just specify M. & G. quality Barre Granite.

2000 Gospel Quotations

Hon. Henry H. Rolapp, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Brother: I hope your splendid work "Two Thousand Gospel Quotations" will be sought after and used as its real worth deserves. It is the only book of the kind thus far published in the Church, and will prove invaluable to all students of the Gospel who will use it in their studies and investigations. The evidence of painstaking care appears on every page.

"With hearty congratulations to the able author, I can conscientiously associate an unreserved commendation of the work to all Latter-day Saints and to investigators generally. In giving this book to the public you have rendered effective service to the Gospel cause, for which I pray that you be blessed with the assurance of work well done. Truly your brother,

(Signed) JAMES E. TALMAGE.
October 11, 1918.

Neatly Bound in Cloth... \$1.25

Deseret News Book Store

NEWS BLDG.

6 MAIN ST.

Joseph Smith as Scientist

By Dr. John A. Widtsoe

One of the best scientific expositions of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith yet published.

Cloth Binding.....75c

Paper Binding.....25c

Send Orders to MORONI SNOW,
General Secretary,
20-22 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City

TELEPHONE, Wasatch 331

Jos. Wm. Taylor Utah's Leading Undertaker and Licensed Embalmer

Fine Funeral Chapel, Private Parlor,
Show Rooms and Morgue

OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

21, 23 and 25 South West Temple Street
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH




Sympathy Is Grateful

When you're sorrowing. But it doesn't pay bills. An insurance policy is full of the right sort of sympathy when your property is destroyed. And no one should neglect to secure protection against such a contingency. We give you the maximum of insurance at minimum of cost. Let us quote you rates.

Home Fire Insurance Co. of Utah

Salt Lake City, Utah. 22 Main Street.

☉ "Keep Money at Home."



In this time of
sacrifice and econ-
omy, the most ap-
propriate gift for

XMAS

IS A GOOD BOOK

Sunday School
Union
BOOK STORE
44 East on So. Temple

LIFE INSURANCE

Protects your family if you die

Protects you if you live

Ask about our plan which helps you to accumulate an estate at the same time you are protecting your family.

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

ASSETS
MORE
THAN A
MILLION
DOLLARS

Beneficial Life Insurance Company

Joseph F. Smith, President

Vermont Bldg., Salt Lake

Lorenzo N. Stohl, Vice-Pres. & Mgr.

The Home must be surrounded with the refining influence of Music

We relax under the quieting spell of Music. It turns our sombre thoughts from our boys over there to a cheerful mental attitude.

BUY A COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA



from the big Utah Music House of Daynes-Beebe—that offers easy terms—so easy as to be helpful and a pleasure.

Daynes-Beebe Music Co.
ESTABLISHED 1860
613-5 MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

JOSEPH J. DAYNES, JR. PRESIDENT CAPITAL \$250,000.00
"OLDER THAN THE STATE OF UTAH"

Consolidated WAGON & MACHINE Company

DIRECTORS

JOSEPH F. SMITH	GEO. T. ODELL
W. S. McCORNICK	G. G. WRIGHT
THOMAS R. CUTLER	JAMES. H. MOYLE
WILLIAM SPRY	C. S. BURTON
HEBER SCOWCROFT	JAS. L. WRATHALL
W. W. ARMSTRONG	MALCOLM A. KEYSER
R. P. MORRIS	GRANT HAMPTON

FARM
IMPLEMENTS
VEHICLES
HARDWARE

50
STORES
IN
UTAH
AND
IDAHO